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SIXPENCE.
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[Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.]

WHO WILL LEAD THE LIBERALS? WHY NOT JOHN MORLEY?

John Morley, M.P., was born at Blackburn on Dec. 24, 1838, was educated at Cheltenham and Lincoln College, Oxford, and called to the Bar. He edited the "Fortnightly Review" from 1867 till 1882, and the "Pall Mall Gazette" from 1880 to 1883, when he was elected M.P. for Newcastle. He was Irish Secretary in 1886 and 1892-5, and was returned for the Montrose Burghs in 1896.

MR. JOHN MORLEY.

THE ONLY POSSIBLE LIBERAL LEADER.
BY AN ENTHUSIAST IN THE RANKS

Why is there all this to-do about the Liberal Leadership, and why are we having all kinds of impossible names thrust upon us? To-day it is Lord Rosebery, to-morrow it will be Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and at another time we face the less possible suggestions of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith. There is only one real successor to Mr. Gladstone, as the Leader of the Liberal party, only one man with the ability, with the talent, with the ideals—prepared to carry us yet one stage forward in the march of progress—Mr. John Morley. Lord Rosebery is practically a Conservative; his wealth, his rank, his everyday surroundings, all make for desertion of the popular cause in a real crisis, if, indeed, he was ever genuinely on our side. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey are named because these men have had a certain potency in the House of Commons. They, together with Mr. Asquith, have a manner which proves effective in that House, particularly among its more old-fashioned tenants. But not one epigrammatic line, not one ringing sentence suited to be the watchword of a party, has ever come from them. Sir William Harcourt had the genuine characteristics: "We are all Socialists now," and many another excellent phrase, are his. But he lacked sincerity, or was commonly supposed to lack sincerity. It was hard, even for his own party, to be quite sure that he was a genuine enthusiast for those great causes. Yet, now that he has gone—and his age makes any suggestion of his return impracticable and undesirable—we remember that not only did he loyally follow Mr. Gladstone for many years, but that the one great gain to real Liberal progress, the one step which has helped in the right direction that we owe to any statesman since Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary career was ended, was his taxation of wealth through the Death Duties.

But I repeat that Mr. John Morley is our only practical Leader at this moment. He is the only man who can transmute our aspirations into brilliant phrases. A longing that the lives of workers should be happier, that there should be equality of opportunity for all, that the State should make larger claims upon property that is purely accidental and not the result of personal energy, that there should be further developments of graduated Income Tax—these are points which have now no spokesman as eloquent as John Morley can be if he chooses. It is said that he has no personal magnetism, that he has no hold upon the members of the House of Commons. This may or may not be the case, but the time has arrived when it is of small importance. The House of Commons has got to drift more and more into the position of a body of delegates, and, when Mr. Morley speaks in the constituencies, people will listen, the Press will print his speeches, and the whole country will quote them—that is to say, if he makes such speeches as he made in the years that are past.

I remember well that famous contest at Newcastle-on-Tyne when Mr. Morley first entered Parliament. Day by day I received in London copies of the *Tyneside Echo* containing reports of Mr. Morley's speeches. Those speeches teemed with a fine enthusiasm for humanity; they were rich in ideals of a higher and more universally contented commonwealth. Many things have changed since then. Mr. Morley is older, and with age enthusiasm lapses and many things seem less easy. There is no reason to suppose, however, that Mr. Morley has abated one jot or one tittle of his zeal for reforms which will make our country a happier one for the vast army of toilers.

There is, however, one particular and important reason why the Liberals in the House of Commons, and out of it, should rally round Mr. Morley, if they wish for any genuine success. I was reading the other day in a Nonconformist journal of considerable influence—the *British Weekly*—an article on the re-formation of the Liberal Party. With scarcely one of the views of the policy propounded by that journal did I agree, and I cannot believe that the Nonconformists of Great Britain generally—who are, of course, an enormous factor in Liberalism—accept

the solution propounded by the *British Weekly*. That journal demanded the entire overthrow of the Home Rule policy; it disclaimed the suggestion that we English Liberals have any Irish allies; and it declared that the political career of Mr. John Morley was practically ended—telling us in an aside that he dismally failed as Irish Secretary. Now, it is quite true that Mr. Morley did fail as Irish Secretary. He did not conciliate the Nationalists in Dublin while he was there; he was responsible for the fact that Lord and Lady Aberdeen were not invited to return to the Vice-regal Lodge—although Lord Aberdeen had proved far and away the most popular of Lord-Lieutenants in our time, and Lady Aberdeen had proved the most popular of Vice-Reines. He made appointments from the dominant classes at Dublin Castle, and fell in with the most retrograde influences in a way that not one of his Conservative predecessors would have dreamt of doing. And he never really understood the Celt.

On the other hand, it may be counted to him as an excuse that Mr. Morley imagined that his relations with Dublin Castle were of the most temporary nature, that we were on the eve of a radical change, that the Home Rule Bill would in the course of but a few months have become an established fact, and that any arrangements that he might make could well be of the most conservative nature, by the light of the quite legitimate assumption that the old order was speedily changing to

give place to the new. Be that as it may, it may be hoped that Mr. Morley has learnt something from his past experience. I for one sincerely hope that he has not unlearnt his belief in some great and picturesque plan of Home Rule for Ireland. The *British Weekly* tells us that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills are dead; we are told that they were never acceptable to the mass of the Liberals who fought for them—a libel, I venture to think, on the mass of Liberals who throughout the English and Scotch and Welsh constituencies have none of the temporising tendencies and little of the indifference which pertains to London.

It is true that we have no Home Rule Bill before us, but we who are Liberals have made a definite promise to Ireland that Home Rule shall be given: we have declared that it is just and right, and that it is the legitimate aspiration of the Irish people. To go back upon this promise and upon this statement of policy would be for Liberalism a sinking into the lowest depths. We made that promise not to some particular band of men who represent Ireland to-day and are gone to-morrow. We did not make it to Mr. Redmond, to Mr. Healy, or to Mr. Dillon. We made it to the Irish nation, and we are bound to do our best, whether we succeed or fail, to carry our principles into effect. To say that we have no Irish allies is absurd. The Liberals

of England, Scotland, and Wales would be foolish did they refuse the possibility of uniting once again with them some eighty or ninety solid votes of Irish Members, on all questions but that of Education. There are signs, moreover, that the differences that have so long divided Irish Nationalism are about to be mended. As a united party, with Local Government as an instrument in their interests, they will be heard of again.

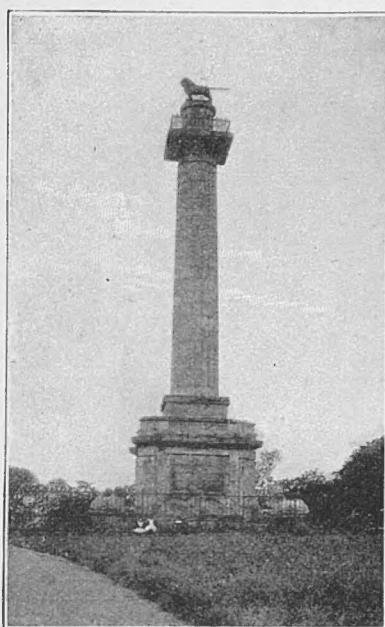
Mr. Morley's literary career is never to be forgotten by those who came early in life under his influence, those to whom his admirable criticisms of Carlyle and Emerson, of Diderot and Rousseau were impelling to wholesome effort. Mr. Morley reminded us then that piety of mind and strenuousness of purpose were desirable things if we wished to leave the world happier than we found it. Now he is occupied with the greatest of all his literary projects. He is to devote a large portion of his time, for some considerable period, to writing the Life of the great statesman who held such sway over our hearts. We do not forget how Mr. Gladstone, in his lifetime, in the thick of his fight, was hated by the opposite camp; we look around in vain to find a well-hated man to guide us now. Mr. Morley has but to make a few speeches, in which he will touch effectively and vigorously on some of the class pretensions of his rivals, and he will secure that hatred. He will then be the ideal Leader of a great party. His "Life of Gladstone" will be completed before there is another appeal to the constituencies, and no worthier future can I wish for him than that the publication of that book should be simultaneous with his assumption of the post of Prime Minister in a new Liberal Cabinet.



MR. JOHN MORLEY'S HOUSE IN ELM PARK GARDENS, KENSINGTON.

[Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.]

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND HIS PALACES.



THE FARMERS' FOLLY.

Albury Park, Surrey. The first Duke was a Yorkshire knight, Sir Hugh Smithson, who in his youth, it is said, was an apothecary in

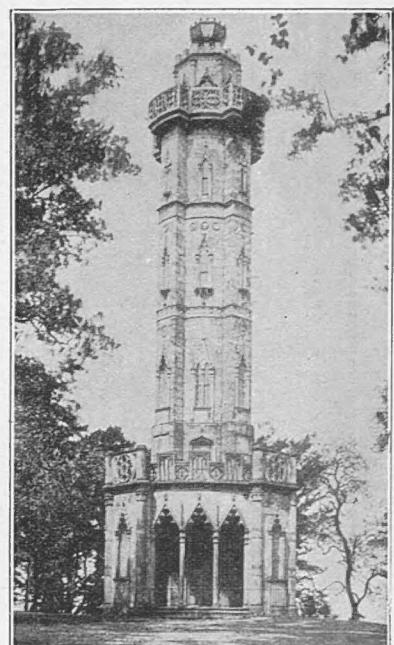
The death of Algernon, sixth Duke of Northumberland, which occurred on the 2nd inst., and the consequent transformation of Earl Percy into his Grace, and of his son, Lord Warkworth, into Earl Percy, gives an unusual interest to the great house of Percy. The Duke had six

seats and a town-house, namely, Alnwick Castle, Warkworth Castle, Kielder Castle, and Prudhoe Castle, in Northumberland; Syon House, Isleworth; and

erected. The fourth Duke was a sailor, commanding H.M.S. *Caledonia* in the action with the French fleet off Toulon in 1815. Sailor-like, he was free with his money, and is still known as the "magnificent Duke." He established life boat stations on the coast.

Alnwick Castle is the great Border home of the Percies, and dates from 1310, although a still earlier castle dates from Norman times. As a military basis against the Scots, it was garrisoned by over three thousand troops, and was not overcrowded. The Barbican is one of the finest pieces of mediæval architecture extant, and, like the Castle, bears on its ramparts a number of stone figures of armed men on guard, so natural-like that they would have deceived an enemy at a distance. Warkworth Castle, now in ruins, some few miles from Alnwick, was, in the time of the gallant Hotspur, the principal home of the Percies, and is beautifully situated on the loveliest of English rivers—the Coquet. The Lion Tower takes its name from the "portentous lion of a race certainly now extinct."

London will not readily forget the house of Percy, for no fewer than three streets are named after the house. There is Northumberland Alley, in Fenchurch Street, where Henry Percy, the earl who died in 1632, lived, while at Charing Cross we have Northumberland Avenue and Northumberland Street. The Avenue was made in 1874-6, when the Duke was compelled to sell Northumberland House to the Board of Works for £497,000. The house was built about 1605 for the Earl of Northampton, who left it to his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk. When Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, married the tenth Earl of Northumberland, the mansion came to the Percies, who retained it till under a quarter of a century ago. It was adorned with a famous lion, which was re-erected at Syon House, the Duke's home at Isleworth.



BRISLEE TOWER.



WARKWORTH CASTLE.

Hatton Garden. Sir Hugh married a granddaughter of Elizabeth of Percy blood, and received with her as dowry the vast estates of the family. In 1766, after important services to the Crown, this ambitious Yorkshire knight was created Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy. He gets no credit for the vast restoration he

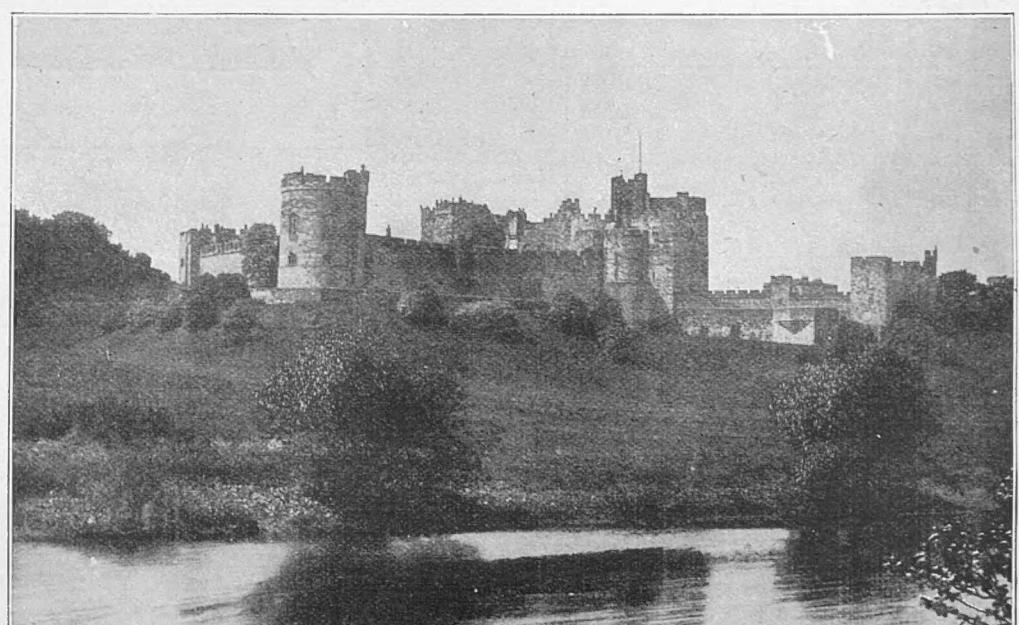
effected in Alnwick Castle, for he well-nigh spoiled its feudal architecture. The fourth Duke, however, undid much of this unnatural renovation, and truly restored the Castle in its original style and character.

Brislee Tower is a sample of the style of architecture favoured by the first Duke. The inscription on the base runs: "Look

LORD WARKWORTH.

round! I have measured out all these things; they are my orders, it is my planting; many of these trees have even been planted by my hand."

To Hugh, the second Duke, the column of the tenantry called "Farmers' Folly" was



ALNWICK CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.



EARL PERCY, SUCCESSOR TO THE TITLE.

SOME OF THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR'S CARDS.



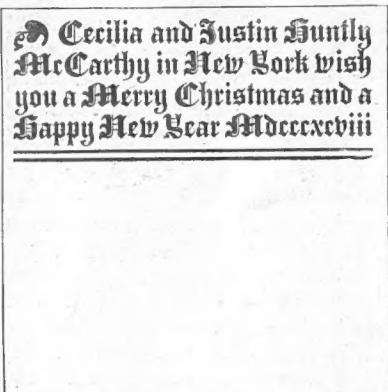
FROM A POPULAR LAWYER.



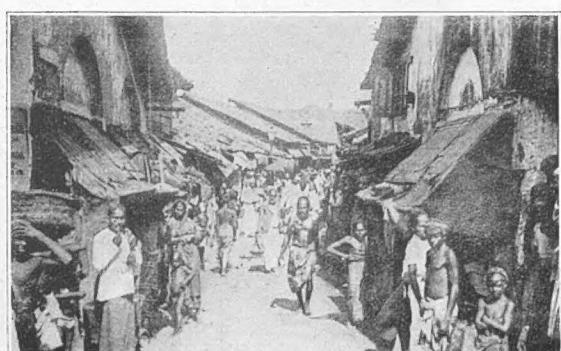
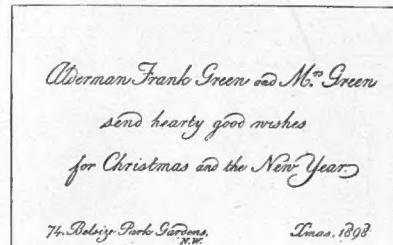
FROM A WELL-KNOWN EDITOR.



FROM A HAPPY COUPLE.



FROM MR. F. M. RAMELL, OF SITTINGBOURNE.



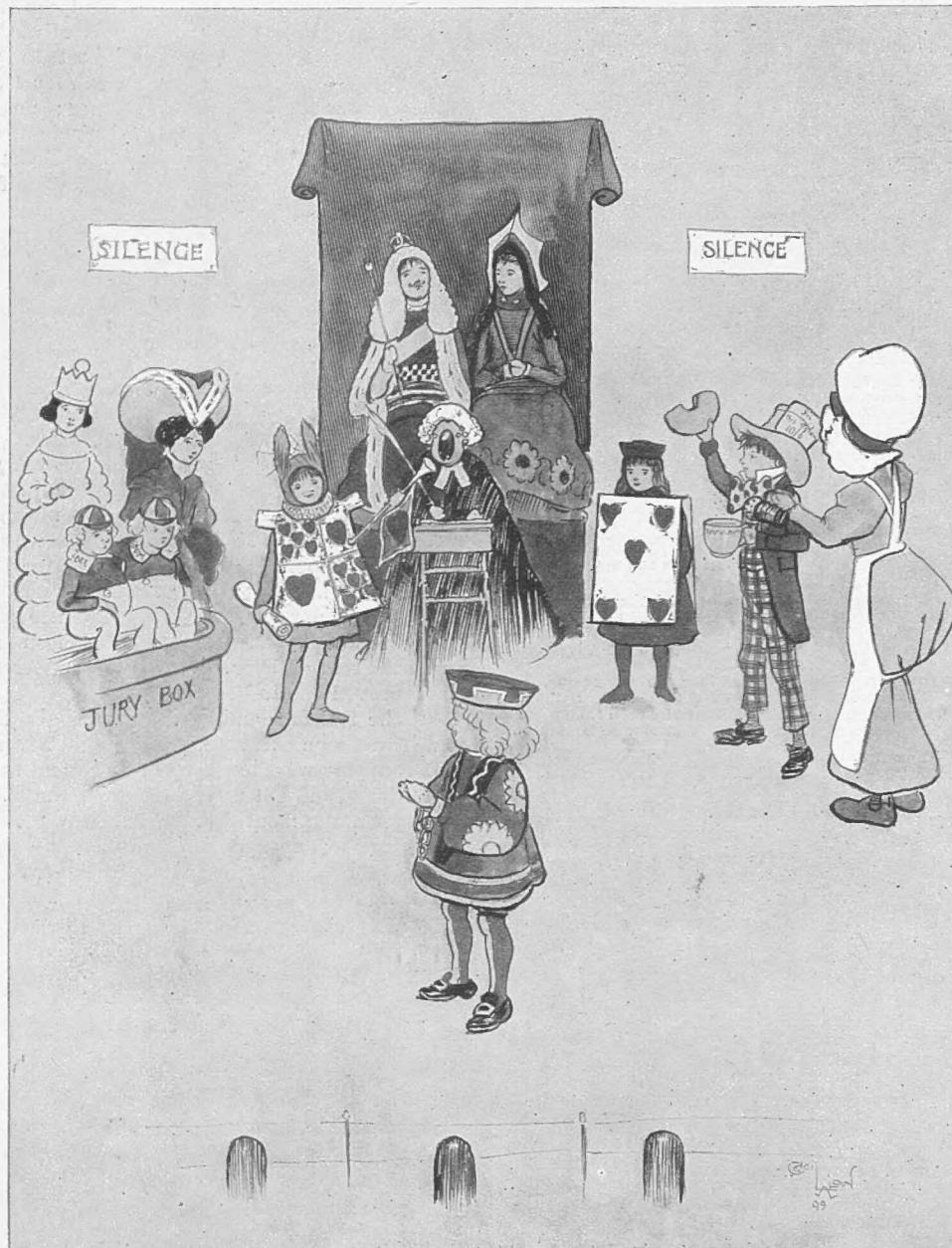
FROM A MEDICAL STUDENT IN COLOMBO, CEYLON.



“SCHOOL,” AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

When an audience indulges in tears at one scene of a piece, and laughter at another, it may well be assumed that the work is not so out of date as some have pretended. One must be careful, perhaps, to avoid error in the opposite direction. The truth is, Tom Robertson’s “School” is such an excellent specimen of its class that it may defy time for many years to come, on condition that it is treated as a costume-play. I think that this is the last revival at which it can be played in the costume of the date of the revival. Beau Farintosh, the padded, painted, blue-coated beau, was rather an anachronism thirty years ago, when “School” was born, and now would be jeered at in the streets, and all the wonderful skill of Mr. John Hare during the first and the second act failed to convince everyone that the Beau was not a caricature, but a character. What is the secret of the vitality of this Cinderella without the ugly sisters? It is difficult to find the answer. The “cons” are obvious and numerous, the “pros” are obscure, and yet the “pros” prevail. The sentimental *Family Herald* love-story of the pupil-teacher kept out of charity by the school-mistress, persecuted by the love-making of the usher, banished for daring to fall in love with a lord—or rather, for causing him to fall in love with her—and ultimately married to the lord and discovered to be granddaughter of a nobleman, despite its artificiality, despite, too, the shallowness of emotions, has a pathetic touch of nature judiciously mingled with some simple, easy humours of the school-room, which render it charming to the happy playgoer catholic in taste—the only true playgoer, in fact. One is forced to recognise the fact that those who turn up their noses at the school of “School” may do so because they fail to appreciate the fact that Robertson was a reformer, not a revolutionary; that he worked fettered by the technique of a time when people considered that the explanatory soliloquy was a permissible piece of machinery even in a modern play. One can guess that, if Robertson had begun writing to-day, in all likelihood his work would be modern enough in style to suit the most exacting.

The company is excellent. Of course, one speaks first of Mr. John Hare, still in his original part of Beau Farintosh, which he plays inimitably. How one would like to hear his opinion of the present company! What would he say of Miss May Harvey, who seems to us remarkably clever in the part of Naomi, wherein Lady Bancroft fascinated the town, and of Miss Mabel Lewis, who plays charmingly the character of Bella, formerly given to Miss Carlotta Addison, still a great favourite with playgoers? Would he say that Mr. Gillmore, who plays agreeably if rather stiffly as Lord Beaufoy, was equal to Mr. Montague, and how would he compare the broad, easy humour of Mr. Fred Kerr as Jack with the performance of Mr. Bancroft? One could not ask what he thinks of Mr. Gilbert Hare in his finely finished, clever sketch as Mr. Krux. His opinion of the audience that called him half-a-dozen times and dragged a few words from him could hardly be unfavourable. He is going to tell playgoers, so he said, more about the matter at the annual dinner of the Playgoers’ Club; perhaps he will then answer these questions. Old playgoers seem divided in their opinions as to the respective merits of the present production and some of its predecessors, but he who comes to “School” untrammelled by memories will thoroughly enjoy the play.



“ALICE IN WONDERLAND” PLAYED BY CHILDREN AT BEDFORD PARK.

Even the Savoy can scarcely have produced before so luxuriant, so beautiful, so finely coloured a piece. There are three acts, and each one is distinguished by amazing combinations of light, colour, composition, and costume. In a word, whether or not the new opera at the Savoy proves a success in the popular sense of the term, the artistic labour that has been expended over it deserves every recognition.

The Lewis Carroll boom has within the last few weeks given us a *Life of Dodgson*, sixpenny editions of his famous fairy-tales, and a dramatic representation of them at the Opéra-Comique. A performance of “Alice in Wonderland” by children was given at the Bedford Park Amateur Dramatic Club last week with the following—

Alice, Miss Dorothy Price; King of Hearts, Miss May Sich; White King, Miss Adelaide Fraser; March Hare, Miss Irene Scott; Mad Hatter, Master Eric Blair-Leighton; Tweedle Dum, Miss Irene Croxford; Tweedle Dee, Miss Ada Woodyatt; Knave of Hearts, Master Louis Bradfield; Queen of Hearts, Miss Lily Sich; White Queen, Miss Daisy Scott; The Duchess, Miss M. Tuke; Cook, Miss W. Tuke; Dormouse, Miss Phyllis Galsworthy; Heralds, Court Cards, &c., Misses Sankey, Woodyatt, Tuke, and Bradfield.

Master Louis Bradfield is the son of the Louis of that ilk now at the Gaiety.

THE SAVOY OPERA.

“The Lucky Star,” which was produced at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday night, should for many reasons prove a popular success. In the first place, most of the Savoy favourites who deservedly win the applause of the public are in their places and are at their best. Mr. Passmore has never been more amusing, more quizzical, more personally entertaining, or more instant and ready. Miss Ruth Vincent has never looked more charming or sung more prettily. Mr. Lytton, it is true, has had better parts, but here, as everywhere, he distinguishes himself by his cleverness, his fineness of manner, and his curious adaptability. Mr. Evett, who sang so well in “The Sorcerer,” sings at least one song with extraordinary effectiveness in the new piece. And the new piece? Well, the no less than eight individuals, from the prehistoric Frenchman down to the “H. L.” of the programme—it sounds like “Mr. W. H.,” the “only begetter of these sonnets”—who have combined to build up the book of “The Lucky Star,” have certainly

succeeded in producing a fairly amusing body of dialogue, and a plot backed by a distinctly amusing idea. That the idea is extremely old is nothing to the point; it suffices that the old idea has been treated with a distinct sense of novelty. The fear of the King who supposes that his own life depends upon the life of another is, of course, as old as the hills; but, in this case, the rumoured death of the other makes a distinct element of amusement, and the final hours, which the audience knows to be of utterly trivial importance, become, therefore, humorous and laughable. The music, by Mr. Ivan Caryll, shows him quite at his best in the second and third acts. In the first act, where he attempts to be too much of the original Savoyard, he fails, because he is not himself; in the later scenes he is admirable, because he is tuneful, pretty, and lightly attractive. Some of his ballads are quite charming, because he allows himself to be easy, familiar, and facile; in a word, Mr. Ivan Caryll has done his best, and, though that best is strongly reminiscent of the Gaiety, it is still a sufficient accomplishment to draw the people into a gay net and hold them captive there.

For that, was there ever so gay a net?

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THE DEPOSED BODY-GUARD OF COREA.

Some weeks ago, General Greathouse, on behalf of the Emperor of Corea, came to Shanghai for the purpose of selecting from the foreign residents a Body-Guard for that much-worried potentate. A guard of thirty—containing Englishmen, Americans, French, Germans, and Russians—was selected, and they duly proceeded to Corea. The Coreans, however, wouldn't have them, and, after an absence of three weeks, the deposed Guard returned to Shanghai. The whole affair has caused considerable amusement in the East. A correspondent has interviewed one of the returned warriors, who said—

“As soon as we landed we could easily see that we were to be unpopular. On the first night of our arrival twenty-four of us were quartered at a Japanese hotel in Seoul, and the remainder put up at an European hotel. The Emperor had been poisoned the day previous to our arrival; but for that fact we should have marched straight into the Palace and taken up our quarters there. As it was, the Independence Club were in power, and we could do nothing. We were told, however, that we were to go into the Palace the next day. The same thing was told us the following day, and again the next, the result being that the only part of the Palace we saw was the outer walls. General Greathouse did his utmost to gain an audience with the Emperor, but the Independence Club frustrated his every attempt. His Majesty was kept a close prisoner; no one could see him. The members of this Club, who really rule the country and do just what they please, are composed for the most part of ex-officials. Soon after our arrival about a thousand members of the Club held a midnight meeting, at which it was decided that we were not to be the Body-Guard. They said that they could look after their own Sovereign without our assistance—they had their own soldiers. Mr. Shan, a young Corean official, who came to Shanghai with General Greathouse, and who is in the confidence of the Emperor, was arrested by the Independence Club, who by threats of violence tried to pump him for State secrets, but could get no satisfaction. Since his return two attempts have been made on Shan's life. The Club would not believe that our only object was to guard the Emperor's life; they had an idea that we had something else up our sleeve.

“They rightly feared that, if we were present, they would not be able to obtain the Emperor's signature just how and when they wanted it, in the usual persuasive but rather uncomfortable manner, namely, by standing over his Majesty with a drawn sword. While we were in Seoul the Emperor's successor arrived from Japan, and expected to start business at once, but the old Emperor positively refused to die. About twenty-four persons, including a little girl, were implicated in the poisoning of his Majesty. The poison used was arsenic, and it is supposed that an over-dose was administered, otherwise the result would have proved fatal.

“The Russians and Japanese strongly protested against our presence, and it was soon evident that we would never see the inside of the Palace. The Emperor was slowly recovering, and the Independence Club evinced great anxiety to get us out of the country. We were first offered our expenses and a month's pay, which we stoutly refused. Next day an offer came of expenses and three months' pay. We wouldn't look at the offer, but held out for a full year's pay. Our demands were granted, and each of us is now richer by eight hundred and forty dollars.

“When we left, the Emperor was still a prisoner in his own Palace. Poor wretch, he wants looking after!”

“What did you do with yourself during your eleven days' stay in Seoul?”

“We spent our time agitating for a full year's pay and in trying to get out of the country as soon as possible.”

“Of course, there's no reliance to be placed in the statement that the price of whisky went up twenty-five per cent. on the arrival of the Body-Guard in Seoul?”

“No, it's an infernal lie, at which we are all indignant. I can give you my word that not one of us bought a cent's worth of whisky while in Seoul. What did we want to buy whisky for?—why, we took cases upon cases up with us.”

“I believe the Guard was composed of a fine lot of fellows?”

“Yes. On our arrival at Seoul we were at first taken for a contingent of Wesleyan missionaries.”

“Really? Quite naturally, too. It is possible that one of your more unscrupulous men squared the Club to send you home again?”

“Impossible—we're above such things.”

“And, of course, there's no truth in the statement that the Independence Club feared that the Guard might teach his Majesty bad habits?”

“Absolutely none; as I said before, we are an exemplary lot.”

“Was any attempt made to poison the Guard?”

“None whatever.”

“If such a thing did happen, I suppose ‘they never would be missed?’”

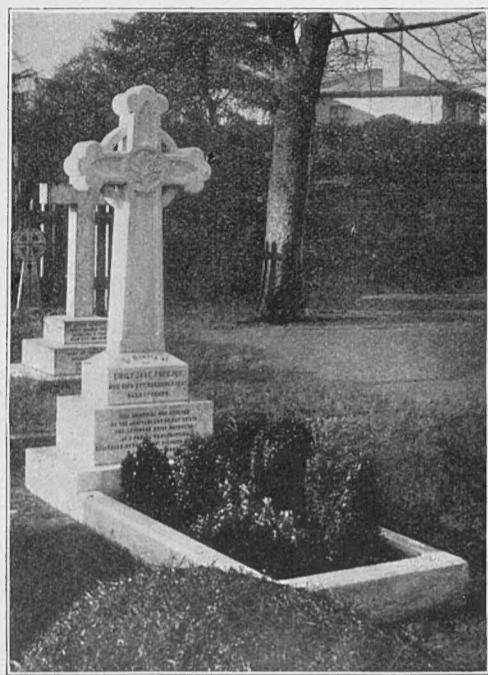
“Oh, I beg your pardon; I—I—”

At this stage I thought fit to bring the interview to a termination.

The Great Western Railway company have entirely remodelled their public time-book, and the revised edition is being issued for January. It contains an excellent map of the Company's system, and upon the cover are views of some of the places of interest served by the line. The type, which is entirely new, is exceedingly clear, and the style of the publication is thoroughly up-to-date.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

What a world separates the two souls that sleep beneath the crosses pictured on this page! Emily Jane Popejoy was the poor little seventeen-year-old Cinderella who died, on Dec. 27, 1897, of the bad treatment she received from her mistress.



JANE POPEJOY'S GRAVE, BAGSHOT.

Photo by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

The stone was erected by the readers of the *Weekly Dispatch*, which took up her case so strongly.

Ever since his marriage to Miss Drummond, the Duke of Northumberland had been a staunch member and supporter of the Catholic Apostolic Church, popularly known as the "Irvingites." When in London he was a regular worshipper in the church of this body situate in Westminster, and so was the late Duchess. At Alnwick the Duke attended the English church, for the Irvingites do not object to our English services—they embrace our tenets, but in their own belief and services they go beyond them.

At Albury, of course, the Duke was in the very head-centre, as it were, of this interesting sect, the followers of the fervid enthusiast Edward Irving, for at Albury, which, I believe, belonged to the late Duchess's father, Mr. Drummond, is the Mother Church of the Catholic Apostolies, and there, I believe, still resides the last of the original "Angels," who has reached a patriarchal age.

The late Duke was buried in Westminster Abbey, to which the great house of Percy has a right. The new Duke and his Duchess are also members of the body to which Earl Percy's parents were so long and so deeply attached. Mr. Drummond, Earl Percy's grandfather, was, I believe, one of the earliest, as well as one of the most munificent, supporters of a faith which certainly continues to hold its own, though it does not increase its members with any great rapidity.

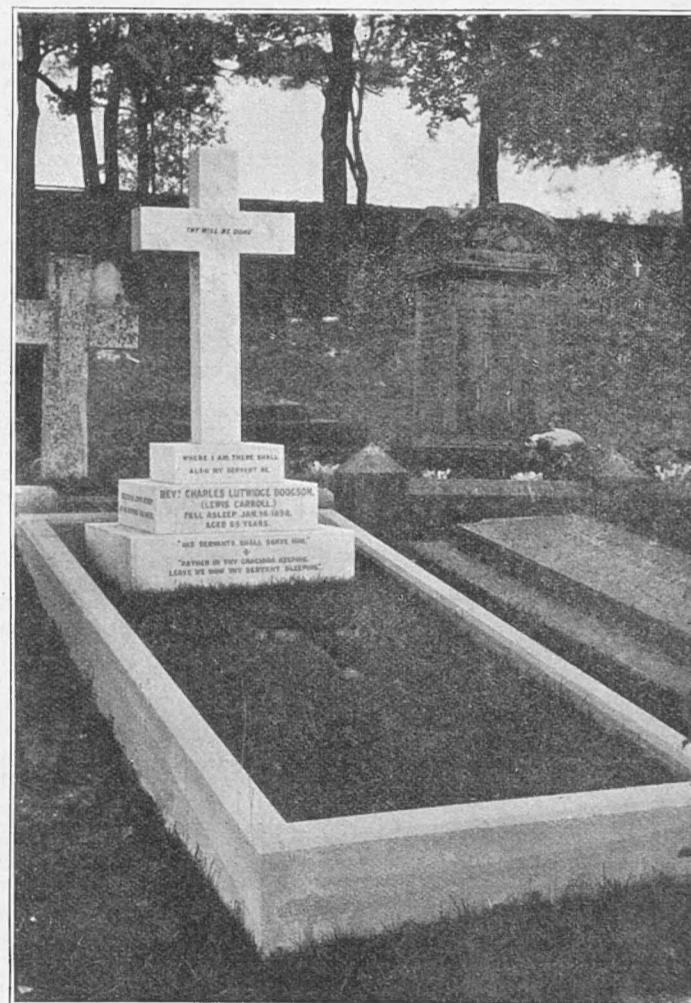
Mr. Gladstone was survived by three peers who sat in the House of Commons before him. Two of the three, namely, Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Northumberland, have since crossed the bourne whence "no traveller returns." Lord Mexborough is the only man now alive who was a member of the unreformed House of Commons. He was born in 1810, and at the age of twenty-one, when he took his M.A. at Cambridge, he entered Parliament as member for the hamlet of Gatton, in Surrey. Some years later he represented Pontefract. The Saviles are a long-lived Yorkshire race. The first Earl of Mexborough was born early in the last century, and the present Earl is only the fourth. His second wife, who was many years his junior, died quite recently. He is an Irish peer, and has no seat in the House of Lords.

The Duke of Marlborough has got his foot on the official ladder by being appointed to succeed the Earl of Hopetoun as Paymaster-General. He will pay nobody, and get no pay, but he will represent a Government department in the House of Lords, and be entitled to sit along with the great and solemn on the front Ministerial bench. In due time he will mount higher. It is the practice of the Churchills to serve the State, and many of them take to politics as ducks take to water. The Duke has plenty of time before him, for he is only twenty-seven. It was about that age that his uncle, Lord Randolph Churchill, began to distinguish himself as member for Woodstock—a constituency which, by a "slip of the tongue," was on one occasion referred to by John Bright as "Woodcock." The late Duke, though not a placeman, had his full share of political genius, and was a caustic critic. It is only in connection with the Primrose League that the present Duke has come to the front in public affairs, but his speech at the Albert Hall last year attracted the favourable attention of the Prime Minister, who was present on the occasion.

The system of charging an accumulative commission on uncashed postal orders should be a lucrative one to the Government, although, from an ordinary, business point of view, it seems scarcely a fair one to the public. In most cases, when one leaves one's money in the hands of a banker or a merchant untouched, one expects that it will probably increase, at any rate that it will not softly and silently vanish away.

Yet with the postal order this latter Gilbertian method prevails. You give the Government, we will say, a sovereign, in return for which they give you a postal order. Keep it three months, and you can get your sovereign back again. Keep it longer, and give the authorities the use of it, and the vanishing system commences. Leave it in their hands for years, and for the use of it they will yearly deduct commission instead of paying you interest, till at length the unfortunate order eats its head off. A friend told me the other day that some orders were found among papers that had been lying untouched for some fifteen years and more. One of these, for ten shillings, had achieved the feat of extinguishing itself, and, indeed, it actually owed something to the paternal Government that had for all that time been in undisturbed possession of the capital, while the others were diminished by nearly a third of the face-value. Doubtless there is some wise reason for this regulation, but it certainly seems a little hard on the public. I wonder what the Post Office makes annually out of unpresented orders. It must amount, I should say, to a tidy sum.

Some of my friends suggest that I have a weakness for visiting tombs. It is certain that I am interested in the graves of men of letters, and have stood by the tombs of nearly all the great men famous in literature—of Dante at Ravenna, of Goethe at Weimar, of Shakspere at Stratford, of Voltaire, of Heine, and of a hundred others. That is why, when I next visit Guildford, I shall make my way to the Mount Cemetery of that town, to see the newly made grave of "Lewis Carroll." I do not feel the sense of charm in reading the Life of that worthy that Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published that I have felt concerning many—and, indeed, most—of the men whose works rank equally in attraction. The Rev. Mr. Dodgson, even after a somewhat copious biography of him has been published, still remains an enigma. But he is a man whom most of us will think of, as he wished, not as Mr. Dodgson, the clergyman and mathematician, but as "Lewis Carroll," and think of him mainly, after all, through two books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." These are surely among the imperishable treasures of our literature. Those of us who are not likely to live to see them outgrown would, at any rate, wish to think so. We will not believe that there is a time when children and adults alike will not rejoice in



"LEWIS CARROLL'S" GRAVE.

Photo by Strawcross, Guildford.

Alice and the Mad Hatter and the White Rabbit, and will not love to quote "The Walrus and the Carpenter." Most of my readers, I am sure, bind and preserve *The Sketch*, but some of them will, I think, purchase an extra copy in order to place this interesting photograph of "Lewis Carroll's" tomb in their edition of "Alice in Wonderland."

A thrill ran through Hong-Kong the other day when, at an hour's notice, a Naval Brigade of fifteen hundred officers and men was landed. It was thought that it was going to deal with the troublesome "Black Flags," but it transpired that it was only Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald's plan of testing the efficiency of the fleet. When the order was unexpectedly received, the men were scrubbing decks, dressed in their working "rigs" and with bare feet. In an hour the brigade was ashore, with six field-guns, Marines, and provisions for several days. All the men carried their rifles, one hundred rounds of ammunition, blankets, water-bottles—in fact, everything requisite to a fighting force anticipating several days' absence ashore, even to spare ammunition, a doctor, stretchers for the wounded, and surgical requisites. So good was the organisation that within an hour these fifteen hundred officers and men were tramping through Hong-Kong, field-guns and all, and it was not until later that it was learnt that it was merely an evolution. It was one of the smartest drills done on the China Station for many days, and it should give us confidence in our Jack Tars.

Mr. William Scruton, the well-known antiquarian student, who has written at least two books on the town of Bradford, in Yorkshire, and has published, in addition, a little volume known to Brontë collectors under the title "The Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë," has just issued, for the benefit of the members of the Brontë Society, a volume entitled "Thornton and the Brontës." Thornton, it will be remembered, was

the birthplace of Charlotte Brontë and of her sister Emily. Mr. Scruton gives a very entertaining account of the village of Thornton and of the relations of the Brontës with it. His book has been prepared solely for free distribution among the members of the Brontë Society, and only a few copies are on sale for enthusiasts at home and abroad who do not happen to be members of that Society. I am asked to recommend these enthusiasts to address "Mr. Scruton, care of John Dale, Bridge Street, Bradford." They will find his book well worth possessing, if only for the pictures. One of these, a portrait of Emily Brontë, is said to have been recognised as a fairly good likeness by Martha Brown, the old servant of the family, but it does not suggest a very



A PORTRAIT OF EMILY BRONTË.

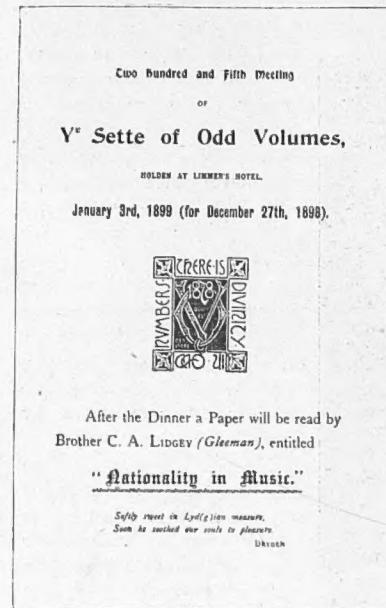
Reproduced from "Thornton and the Brontës."

great amount of individuality to me. I am glad, however, to add the portrait to my Brontë collection. "Thornton and the Brontës" is dedicated to Mr. W. E. B. Priestley, J.P.

Gani Bey, the Albanian Aide-de-Camp of the Sultan of Turkey, who was murdered a few days ago by Hafiz Pasha, would appear to have been a most picturesque villain. His removal from the cares of this world and from the burden of the too intimate knowledge of the private affairs of his Majesty was a regrettable necessity, as the immunity from danger which his lawless acts in the interests of his master, and not infrequently to serve his own purposes, won for him had turned his head. He became intolerant, and a few weeks ago attempted to levy blackmail upon the Sultan himself. Gani Bey betook himself to Raghib Bey, the principal Chamberlain to the Sultan, as also his *préte-nom* in sundry financial operations, and tendered his demand, showing ever such a little bit of his revolver. Such a process on the part of Gani Bey appeared impressed with vast possibilities in the future, so Raghib Bey had a serious talk with the Sultan. A few days later, Hafiz Pasha, the confidential agent of Raghib Bey, quarrelled with Gani Bey, and shot him dead, and now the Sultan, with fond appreciation of the services of his faithful Arnaout, is offering £2000 reward. Such, indeed, is the sad fate of a favourite of Abdul Hamid. Gani Bey was a peculiarly handsome man, and one who derived from his physical perfections no small profit. His career has been replete with atrocities, and he assisted a dozen of his fellow-creatures to leave this world with quite unwonted despatch.

Abdul Hamid has a peculiar partiality for "strong" men, and his Imperial Bodyguard is composed entirely of Albanian dare-devils who

are ripe for anything. Gani Bey was an important officer in this service for many years, and enjoyed the confidence of his master to a fatal degree. He, like others of the Bodyguard, was permitted to be prodigal in his showers of wild-oats; and to blackmail rich Armenians, to hold up fat but prosperous Pera tradesmen to skull-fracture and kindred amenities, was a pleasant improvement upon his prosaic existence. When the Turk-Greek War broke out, Gani Bey was sent to Epirus by the Sultan, where he coupled with a zeal for the blood of other people an appetite for booty. It is therefore evident that the Sultan was interested in the sudden end of his favourite, and, in fact, there is little doubt that the £2000 reward is a blind by which he hopes to conceal his own complicity in the deed. It would be in due order if Hafiz Pasha were at this moment secreted in the Yildiz Palace, enjoying Imperial protection.



by Mr. Lidgey on "Nationality in Music." The Odd Volumes is a very interesting dining-club, which has a curious and quaint ceremonial. The Chairman is addressed as "His Oddship," and each member has an office—one is Secretary, another is Librarian, another is Poet, and so on. A history of the Odd Volumes would make a wonderful record of distinguished members and distinguished guests. Mr. Marcus B. Huish, the Vice-President for the year, should really write the history of the club.

There is a welcome freshness in "Military Dialogues," by Lieut-Colonel Newnham-Davies (Sands and Co.), and the book, with its vignettes (they are scarcely more) of Army and particularly barrack life will afford many readers a pleasant hour. Some of the dialogues, but not all, are capital worked out, notably "Diplomacy," and the rollicking fun of "A Subaltern's Court-Martial" is a good picture of unofficial discipline as administered by the junior officers. To these stirring blades, without whom the Army would be a dull concern indeed, the author very fittingly dedicates his amusing sketches. The illustrations, by Mr. Caton Woodville and Mr. Louis Edwards, cleverly catch the spirit of the letterpress. Perhaps the "stage-directions" are a little lengthy, but, in dialogue, that is almost inevitable. Still, they almost make me wish that the author, who has a distinctly racy style, had gone the whole hog, and given us short stories outright.

This is the story of a building-slip in Chatham Dockyard. On Jan. 4, 1897, the battleship *Goliath* was laid down; the engineering dispute occurred, with the result that she was not launched until March 23 last. Less than three weeks later, the battleship *Irresistible* was laid down on the same slip. On Dec. 22 this vessel was launched, and on Jan. 2 her place was taken by the battleship *Venerable*. Three monster battleships thus occupied one building-slip in quick succession within the same year. We may be on the down-grade as a nation, as some croakers think, but, at least, there is no other country in which such a shipbuilding record could be equalled. This record would have been even better but for the engineering dispute, which will be remembered as one of the most disastrous labour quarrels of the century.



THE COLONEL READING "MILITARY DIALOGUES."

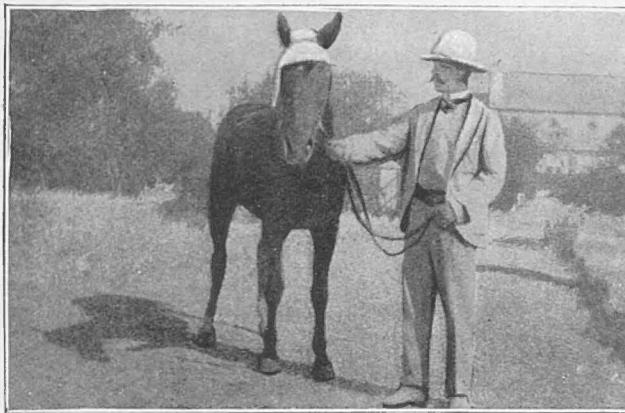
Being Mr. Caton Woodville's Cover.

An interesting letter has reached me from Budapest as follows—

HIGHLY ESTEEMED MR. EDITOR—SIR,—Being an assiduous reader of your worth journal, permit me kindly to call up your attention on a thing, which, upon its whole, and especially to you, may seem very slight, but us, Hungarians, is of a great importance.

Hungary and Austria, what certainly also Mr. Editor well knows, are two, the one from the other, quite independent States, directing their own affairs in their separate Parliaments, and neither of them is in no one respect submitted to the other. The Monarch of these two States is one person, whose title in Austria, "Emperor of Austria," and in Hungary "King Apostolical of Hungary," is. The one of these titles does not express also the other; namely, if you say, "Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria," you have not expressed that His Majesty is also King of Hungary. You can't have expressed it, for, Sir, Hungary is not a part of Austria, and Austria is not a part of Hungary. They are so independent as Germany or England, consequently their Monarch must be nominated with two separate titles. Now, here is that point, which me occasion gave to my present request. Namely, I found already very often short news in your journal, referring on the "Emperor of Austria." This title so, as Mr. Editor, from the predictions, may see, is not correct, for His Majesty is not only Emperor of Austria, but also King of Hungary. And just this thing your news quite simple conceals, as if Hungary was not on the world, and as if Hungary was not an independent State. I very doubt that our loved King would rejoice if he would read anywhere his title, written so, kept secret the one of his two mighty States. He is the Monarch of two independent States, which, in his title, must be expressed consequently, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Who does not write so, writes badly and faulty, and proves only that he is unversed in the constitution of the two States. With you, Mr. Editor, it is certainly not the case, because we know very well how many cares gives the composition of such a worldly paper, that faults are not quite evasive, are unintentional, but for that very reason, take friendly my remark, and that request to do us, Hungarians, the complaisance in future this fault from your news to exclude. Returning in advance my hearty thanks for your kindness, and begging your pardon for my faulty English writing, I remain, &c.

This charger, belonging to Lieutenant Bayley, R.A., stationed at Nasirabad, has had a curious experience. One night, when being ridden by a boy, he ran away, and, supposing they were open, he banged into the iron gates of the garden at Nasirabad, smashing one gate and



THIS CHARGER RAN AT AN IRON GATE AND CRACKED HIS CROWN.

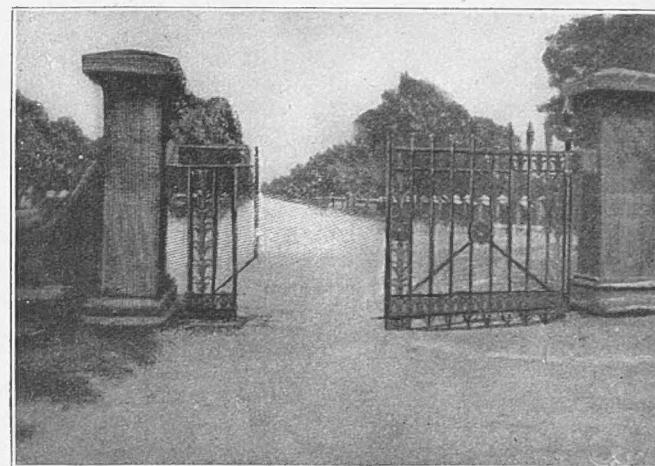
dislodging two stones of the left pillar, at the same time fracturing three bones in his skull and being frightfully cut about the head, shoulder, and legs. By good luck and careful treatment, however, he is now quite cured, the only marks left being two bumps on his forehead, and Lieutenant Bayley is riding him regularly on parade once more.

I hear that the Germans have found a new use for parrots, and it is really a fairly original one. They are to be kept on the platform at railway-stations in order to scream out incessantly the name of the place while the train is in the station, so that passengers may not be obliged to inquire of the railway-porters. How do they know, though, that the parrots will not continue their sweet discourse long after the train has rumbled out of the station? We all know that parrots love the sound of their voices, and I think it will be a brave man who undertakes the post of stationmaster when the new innovation is in practice.

Referring to the paragraph on an elephant-and-bull fight which appeared in "Small Talk" in *The Sketch* of the 4th, a correspondent points out that it would be impossible for an elephant to "put down" a bull with his forefoot in the manner described. The elephant cannot use his limbs with sufficient freedom to do this, and the little Spanish bulls of the fighting breed are far too active to be caught thus. What actually occurred at that Barcelona fight, says my correspondent, was this: The bull charged several times, but could not get "home" because the elephant always faced him and received the attack on his tusks. Finally, the bull got under his big foe's defence, but before he could do any appreciable harm the elephant brought his tusks to bear on the bull's back, and by sheer pressure forced him to the ground. The bull was completely beaten, and when his carcase was examined it was found that three of his ribs were literally smashed. The fight took place in 1864.

Professor Tait, who has occupied the chair of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University for well-nigh forty years, is a devotee of golf, and the fact that, in his study of the movements of a rotating spherical projectile, he has, for the purposes of his experiments, used a golf-ball,

invests a rather abstruse subject with peculiar interest to golfers. On the question of the initial speed of a golf-ball, the Professor averred in his treatise, "On the Path of a Rotating Spherical Projectile," that the speed may occasionally amount to 300, or perhaps even 350 foot-seconds; he now, however, considers the first of these is a somewhat extravagant estimate, and is of opinion that, even with very good

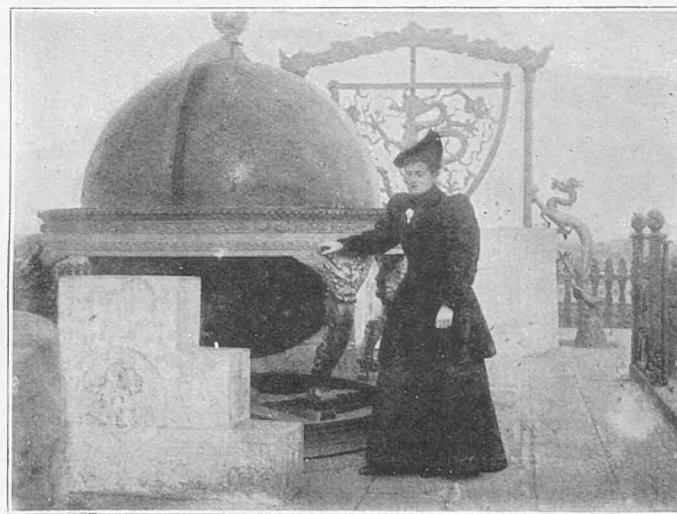


HEAVY IRON GATES OF THE GARDEN AT NASIRABAD (COST 700 RUPEES) THROUGH WHICH THE HORSE BOLTED.

driving, an initial speed of about 240 is not often an under-estimate, at least in careful play. The Professor points out that, while the whole of his inquiry has been of a somewhat vague character, its value is enhanced rather than lessened in consequence, because the circumstances would never be the same in any two drives, even if they were essentially good ones, and made by the same player. "The pace which the player can give the club-head at the moment of impact depends," according to Professor Tait, "to a very considerable extent on the relative motion of his two hands (to which is due the 'nip') during the immediately preceding two-hundredths of a second, while the amount of beneficial spin is seriously diminished by even a trifling upward concavity of the path of the head during the ten-thousandth of a second occupied by the blow."

Apropos of my remarks on London's smoke, Mr. C. H. Perkins, of Swansea, who read a paper on "Anthracite Coal" before the British Association in 1880, reminds me that as early as the year 1595 attention seems to have been drawn to the valuable qualities of anthracite coal. Writing in that year a history of Pembrokeshire, George Owen of Henllys says, after speaking of woods that had existed in times past but were then destroyed—

But, for the most part, those that dwell neare the cole or that may have it carried by water with ease, use most cole fires in their kitchings and some in their halles, because it is a ready fire and very good and sweete to rost and boyle meate, and voyde of smoake where yet chymnies are. It is called stone cole for the hardness thereof, and being once kindled giveth a greater heat than light and delighteth to burn in darke places. Is not noysome for the smoake nor nothing soe lothsome for the smell as the ring cole is, whose smoake annoyeth all things neare it, as fyne linen, men's handes that warm themselves by it. But this stone cole yieldeth in a manner noe smoake after it is kindled, and is soe pure that fine camerrick and laune is usually dried by it without any stayne or



THE OBSERVATORY ON THE TOP OF THE WALL OF PEKIN.

blemish, and is a most proved good dryer of malt, therein passing wood, ferne, or strawe. This cole for the rare properties thereof was carried out of this County to the Cite of London to the late Lord Treasurer Burley by a Gentleman of experience to show how farre the same excelled that of Newcastle, wherewith the Cite of London is servid, and I think if the passage were not so tedious there would be greate use made of it.

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens at Aix-la-Chapelle during the course of the last year must have been somewhat startled to encounter a young lion walking calmly about the grounds, and their courage must have been still more put to the test, if they chanced to be callers at the Director's house, by the sudden appearance of the same animal from, perhaps, under the billiard-table or from behind the stove. But they need have had no fear, for this lion is as harmless as a dog, and completely under the control of its mistress, who has, indeed, brought it up. This little lion is no orphan, but the offspring of a heartless and negligent mother, through whose neglect several of its brothers and sisters had perished. On the verge of a similar fate, this one was taken out of its cage and handed over to the care of the Director's children's nurse, who brought it up successfully by hand. Princess, for so the lion has been christened, has grown up a very strong and powerful animal, and will, I fear, soon have to be deprived of its freedom. For the last few months it has had a young companion, also born in captivity and also brought up by the bottle, but which, unlike Princess, has not imbibed the "milk of human kindness," for I hear it is by no means amiably disposed towards its old companions. The picture represents Princess being given her bottle by Fräulein Holm, the nurse.



A LITTLE LION AT AACHEN AND HIS FOSTER-MOTHER.

Photo by Wahl, Aachen.

Canon Newbolt will preside, and tickets can be had from Mr. G. Herbert Thring, 4, Portugal Street, W.C., Mr. J. E. Harman, 6, New Court, Lincoln's Inn, W.C., or Mr. J. P. Graham, The Old School, Uppingham.

A certain "A. M." who writes a London Letter in the *British Weekly*, tells us that "indignant protests are being made" against some remarks by Mr. Plowden, the police-court magistrate, on the dulness of Sundays. Mr. Plowden, it would seem, let off some young loafers, when brought before him for playing cards on a window-sill, because they excused themselves on account of finding things dull. They were doing, in what was probably the only place available for them, what hundreds of other people were doing in their own houses, and Mr. Plowden very sensibly remarked that Sunday *was* dull for the poor.

I wonder who are the smug Sabbatarians who have made the indignant protest to which "A. M." refers? Theirs had been the sensuous joys of anthem-singing in the morning and Sunday School in the afternoon, and they had, no doubt, little toleration for the enormous class of the community which is unfitted by temperament, by education, by a hundred other things, from participating in the excitements which these people call "religion." London is appallingly dull on Sunday to many of the poor; it has still the shadow of a disastrous Puritanism hanging over it. In well-to-do circles, particularly in the literary and artistic classes, it is the recognised day for "At Homes," for calling, for musical gatherings; but even Sunday concerts are now forbidden to those who have no entrance into these charmed circles. Personally, I am in favour of the opening not only of museums and picture-galleries—for which, alas, the poorer English public, with its terrible lack of artistic education, is at the present but little prepared. I would open also on Sundays Barnum and Bailey's Exhibition, the Earl's Court Exhibition, the Crystal Palace—transferred, if that were possible, to Hyde Park—the Zoological Society's Gardens, the Alexandra Palace—transferred, if that also were possible, to Finsbury Park or Regent's Park—and countless other places where, in shelter and warmth in winter, and in sunshine in summer, the poorer classes could listen to abundant music, and could be sure of a day of genuine rest and recreation.

These latter-day Puritans who look sour at such suggestions because they know that Roman Catholicism has been prone to encourage every kind of Sunday entertainment—provided always that an early attendance at Mass was not neglected—have little understanding of the zest with which Martin Luther would have entered into such methods of brightening

Sunday. They do not seem to know that even the terribly strenuous John Calvin would have been with Luther in this matter, as many passages in his writings testify. We, no doubt, owe a great many good things to Scotland; but one bad turn that country has certainly done to the Southern kingdom: it has planted Sabbatarianism, with its "indignant protests" against Mr. Plowden's genial humanity, in our midst. I am fully convinced, however, that the day of reaction is upon us, and that the dull Sunday, with a drink at the dirty bar as the only recreation for the poor, will soon be a thing of the past.

I don't think that any criticism of "The Crystal Globe" at the Princess's Theatre has called attention to the similarity of its leading motive with that of Rossetti's fine poem, "Rose Mary: The Beryl Stone." Of course, the essential difference is that, whereas the mesmerised heroine of the Princess's melodrama read the past correctly, Rossetti's Rose Mary, with shame obscuring her vision, foretold wrongly the course of her lover's journey, and thus exposed him to the ambush wherein he perished.

The new Savoy opera is indebted to France. But, then, what play isn't? Melodrama at the Princess's, farce at the Vaudeville, opera at the Prince of Wales's, to say nothing of "The Three Musketeers" at the Garrick and the Haymarket. It is the old story—

When the humour and wit of an Englishman flit,
And the well of his fancy runs dry,
He doesn't lose heart at the loss of his art—
(For a Britisher never says Die);
He turns for romance to the vistas of France,
Like a child who relies on Papa,
For a playhouse is packed and a man may be backed
If he only falls back on Dumas.
Devoutly we kneel at the feet of Camille
(Though her morals can scarce be admired),
And the Three Musketeers are the choice of our cheers
When our native romancers grow tired.
Nor can we escape from the sword and the cape,
And the "vill-i-an's" vivid "Ha! Ha!"
For, you see, we set store on the great Open Door—
So we always go back to Dumas.
Cyrano's the rage of the latter-day stage
(Though his rhet'ric is markedly French);
The play "For the Crown" once enraptured the Town,
And Coppée was raised to the bench;
"La Poupee" still nods to the stalls and the gods,
And Bisson creates a guffaw,
And we borrow, it's true, from the fertile Sardou,
Yet we always fall back on Dumas.
Fashoda may trouble Paree
And prompt us to shout a "Huzza,
Yet we bend the knee to the Musketeers Three,
And bow at the shrine of Dumas.



THE EARL OF WARWICK.
THE NEW RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.
Photo by Spalding, Chelmsford.

The West India Regiment, which has recently had a third battalion added, is in a bad way as regards officers. There are no less than twenty-five vacancies, and in the recent examination of Militia candidates for commissions only one successful candidate was appointed to the regiment. The dearth of officers is partly owing to the increase of the regiment, and partly to the number killed in the constant fighting on the West Coast of Africa. There is little inducement to accept a commission in a regiment always serving in a deadly climate when it is so easy to obtain one in the Line. The question is really one of pay, which is very inadequate in the case of a subaltern in the British "Zouaves." If a Militia officer—on his own application—is sent to the West Coast by the Foreign Office or Colonial Office for a year or two, he gets twice or three times the pay of an officer attached to the West India Regiment stationed in perhaps the same place for an indefinite period.

The home-coming of the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry was unattended by any scenes such as marked the arrival of the Gordons. The old 71st had been absent from England but four years, and had not had the opportunity of the other Scottish regiment. Since July it had been quartered in Crete, engaged on a species of service of a most thankless and trying description, and in September suffered the loss of an officer and several men killed in the Mohammedan rising, besides having many wounded. Several of the latter they brought with them on the *Verona* to Plymouth, besides a number suffering from dysentery and ague. An additional touch of pathos was lent to their arrival by the death of a soldier as the transport was entering Plymouth Sound.

General Sir M. G. Gerard, K.C.I.E., recently achieved a feat which will take some beating, for he rode sixty-seven miles in one day over perhaps the worst pass in the Pamirs. After joining the survey camp on the Chinese side of the Bayik Pass, he left early in the morning for the Chinese post at Bayik (fourteen miles), where he breakfasted with some Kirghiz. Engaging a couple of fresh horses, he pushed on for another twenty-eight miles to the entrance of the Mihmanyol Pass, arriving at four in the afternoon. He topped the pass just as it got dark, and at ten o'clock he arrived at Mihmanyol Camp, another twenty-five miles. Colonel Wahab, who crossed the same pass by daylight, describes it as unfit for horsemen, and as being covered with huge, slippery boulders, with dangerous gaps between, so that General Gerard's feat must be considered an extraordinary one. General Gerard is the brother of the Misses Gerard the novelists.



TOMMIES IN WINTER CLOTHES
IN INDIA.

ment clad in the warm clothing provided by the Indian Government for the comfort of the troops during the cold weather, which is very severe on our most northerly station at Quetta.

Mr. Hollingshead writes—

In the very complete summary of "Adelphi Pantomimes" (*Sketch*, Dec. 28), I can trace only one omission. In the "'sixties" (the despised 'sixties), under the management of Benjamin Webster, a pantomime à la *Watteau* was played, in which Miss Marie Wilton and Mary Keeley (Mrs. Albert Smith) represented Harlequin and Columbine with great grace and spirit. Many stage chroniclers have, doubtless, "remembered to forget" this interesting production, for in theatrical as in political circles, memory (the much-cultivated memory) is the art of forgetting with discretion. To the able and exhaustive review of the new illustrated "Sartor Resartus" (in the same number of *Sketch*) I can make an addition. When Carlyle was hawking this philosophical book from one publisher's, or one editor's, office to the other, he tried to force it upon "old Mr. Dilke" (the founder of the Dilke family) to print it as a "serial" in the pages of the *Athenaeum*. Mr. Dilke was struggling at that time to make his new and independent journal a property, opposed naturally by the publishers, who supported Jerdan and the *Literary Gazette*, and with only one trusty and loyal lieutenant to stand by him—Henry F. Chorley. Mr. Dilke "declined 'Sartor' with thanks," and Carlyle avoided 76, Sloane Street, Chelsea (where Sir C. W. Dilke, M.P., the grandson, still lives), for several years in high dudgeon. He must be squirming in his grave at the present moment on hearing that "Sartor Resartus," of all his works, has been seized by the artistic but professional illustrator.

Do you remember Nini Patte-en l'Air and her troupe, and the nights when their wild gymnastics at the Palace Theatre made all the town applaud? There was only one English girl in the combination, Phyllis Marlowe, who has been engaged by Mr. Mulholland for his pantomime at Camberwell. Miss Marlowe has confessed that she did not dignify the performances of the Patte-en-l'Air troupe with the title of dancing—she joined in them by the direction of John D'Auban, who has always taught her, and considered that no form of exercise that was nearly related to dancing was unworthy of attention. The dancer who would be up-to-date must learn many styles, and only when she is fairly familiar

with all is it possible to select one and make of it a special study. It may be conceded that Miss Marlowe's dancing possesses an individuality all its own, and, while it always rose above the level of commonplace achievements, has, upon occasion, achieved great triumphs. I wonder whether Miss Marlowe remembers a certain summer night when she danced to us on the deck of a yacht off Trouville? With no orchestra, and all limelight supplied by the Man in the Moon, who looked down radiant with appreciation, the fair dancer was at her very best. So were we all. That was one of the nights that make life worth living, and, if Miss Marlowe can repeat her triumph, she will have all London flocking to Mr. Mulholland's pretty theatre.

I wonder whether the people who have talked or written about the recent cross-Channel trip in a balloon ever read Edgar Allan Poe's story, "The Balloon Hoax." A head-note to the story in Lippincott's edition says the hoax was perpetrated on the *New York Sun*, and the methods by which the balloon was said to be worked are curious reading in the light of the recent experiment. An almost endless guide-rope was to take the place of ballast, and, when the balloon was heavy, on account of the morning moisture on the silk, the rope was allowed to trail to the full extent required to counteract the tendency to fall, while, when the sun dried the moisture, the rope was upraised. When the balloon passed over an expanse of water, small kegs of wood or copper, filled with a liquid ballast lighter than water, were used, and the rope, with these at the end, acted as well on land as on sea, and served also to point out the direction of the balloon. The narrative states that the original idea of the aéronauts was to cross the British Channel and alight as near to Paris as possible. When, after reading this story, you turn to the account of the recent cross-Channel journey, you must pay another tribute to the marvellous imagination and wonderful mind of Edgar Allan Poe.

I have seen an interesting account of some American actresses who find horse-riding a most healthy form of recreation. The list includes Miss Maude Adams (of *Lady Babbie* fame), Miss Maxine Elliott (wife of Mr. Nat Goodwin), Miss Isabel Irving (now supporting Mr. John Drew in "The Liars"), Miss Odette Tyler (formerly seen here in "Secret Service"), and Miss Katherine Grey, the Queen Flavia in the American production of "Rupert of Hentzau."

Deibler, the retiring public executioner of France, is seventy-five years old, and has officiated for the last twenty-three years as executioner-in-chief. During this period he has launched into eternity fifty-three criminals, the last having been the notorious Vacher, executed at Bourg on the last day of the old year. From a material point of view, Monsieur de Paris is not badly treated. His emoluments consist in a regular salary of £240 per annum and an allowance of £400, out of which he has to keep his implements in good working order and also to provide house-room for "the widow." In addition, all the expenses incurred by himself and his assistants in the course of their professional peregrinations are reimbursed by the Treasury, and Deibler's annual bills under this head have averaged about £2,400. Altogether, during his reign of twenty-three years he has "touched," as our neighbours expressively put it, the comfortable round sum of close upon £70,000. For this he has superintended the cutting-off of fifty-three heads, and a number of Frenchmen are asking themselves whether the average price of each does not work out rather high. Deibler *fits*, who succeeds his father, is thirty-five years old, and, as he is the son and grandson of executioners, should, if heredity counts for anything, "excel his father in his mighty art." There is a pretty strong probability, however, that capital punishment will be altogether abolished, as a vestige of barbaric ages, long before the new incumbent has had time to attain the ripe experience of his predecessor. One of the privileges of "Monsieur de Paris" is that he is exempted from all obligation to serve in the army.



MISS PHYLLIS MARLOWE.
Photo by Mendelsohn, Penbridge Crescent. W.



A BUENOS AYRES BOBBY.

The P. and O. steamer *Bombay*, commanded by Mr. G. D. Saunder, Lieutenant R.N.R., recently rescued some Chinese fishermen from a dismasted junk on the way to Japan. When off the Rees Islands, near Amoy, Captain Saunder sighted the junk, on which a flag was being waved, as the crew required assistance. He bore down on her, and hove-to to windward, sending a boat away in charge of the fourth officer. The



CHINESE FISHERMEN WHO WERE RESCUED BY A "P. AND O."

weather at the time was dirty; it was blowing a gale from the north-east, and there was a confused sea running, which made boat-work a bit risky. The junk was a complete wreck, masts and rudder were gone, and the hull very much knocked about. No sooner was the rescuers' boat alongside than the crew of eight fishermen got into it with their personal belongings, and were brought back to the *Bombay* and taken on to Kobé, where they were handed over to the Chinese Consul. The second man from the right had a very nasty scalp-wound, caused by being struck by the mainmast when it was carried away, and he was otherwise in a pitiable condition. He was doctored and landed safely with the remainder in Japan. The photograph was taken after they had been on board four days.

Anti-Semitism in France is still spreading all over the provinces, and from a distant town comes the following story. A grocer's shop bore over its door the motto "À la Jeanne d'Arc," and a Jew butcher who set up his business next-door thought he could not do better than to call it "Boucherie Jeanne d'Arc." Public opinion, however, ran high on the subject, and the clergy especially were very much annoyed at the idea of their saintly heroine's name being taken in vain by a Jew butcher. They therefore hired a painter's boy, and one morning the worthy Israelite awoke to find his motto had been painted out, and in its place the words "Boucherie Abraham" stared him in the face.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's amusing farcical comedy, "The Arabian Nights," was produced recently in Mussoorie by a company of amateurs.



"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS," AS ACTED BY AMATEURS.

Photo by Mr. Julian Rust.

Major H. C. Higgs, of the 16th Lancers, took the part of Hummingtop; Mr. C. Fitch was the impossible Josh, his brother-in-law; and Mrs. Higgs the Guttapercha Girl. This is one of the farces I remember clearly, and some of its phrases stick to me, as, for instance, when

somebody says to Josh, "I wonder Hummingtop stands that sort of thing." "Oh, Hummingtop stands everything—he stood these cigarettes!" Mr. Fred Kaye was inimitable as Josh in the provinces.

At the Exhibition of 1900 the buildings of foreign countries will fringe the Seine, and will form one of the not least interesting elements projected to give the river a spectacular effect. Each country will present an example of its native architecture. Germany will build a miniature Rhine castle; Belgium, a reduction of the town-hall of Audenarde, a jewel of pure Flemish art; Sweden will have a pavilion in polychrome, and Finland one of those low constructions flanked with clock-towers familiar to whoever has seen the land of the midnight sun and the midday night. England will reproduce Kingston House, to illustrate our own seventeenth-century art. Curiously enough, the South European countries, Spain, Italy, Austria, whence it would seem should have come the most artistic ideas, are said to have offered vague and characterless projects, which France has been obliged politely to ask them to reconsider. It is hoped that Italy will decide to reproduce the Doge's palace.

The Seine, thus bordered, will present the extraordinary appearance of a long art-gallery of masterpieces of foreign architecture. And, midway of all this, the river will be clasped by the zone of the new bridge, Alexander III., a bow of exquisite curvature, jewelled with the rarest sculpture that French art can to-day produce. And, at intervals, three foot-bridges will be thrown like ribbons across, each confided to a different artist, each a separate work of art. One will simulate a bridge of boats, each boat upheld on a pile sculptured over with marine allegories, and one will be wreathed with garlands of electric flowers that will reflect in the water below a silhouette of fire. There will be other marvels still, and the night-fêtes on the Seine will be such a phantasmagoria of beauty and splendour as will be well worth living into the next century to see.



THE NEW IRON BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER ADZIE.

Photo by Bleakley, Umtali.

Now we shan't be long to Cairo! The phrase has a real meaning in South Africa, for slowly but surely the railway is creeping up Cairo-way. This photograph shows the bridge over the Adzie River.

The reduction of the shooting-ground in Somaliland involved by a clause in Mr. Rennell Rodd's treaty with Abyssinia is a serious thing in the eyes of the more enterprising among big-game shooters. According to this treaty, no armed party may cross the Somali-Abyssinian frontier, and, as British sportsmen do not go far afield in the Protectorate without an armed escort, and would, no doubt, be regarded as "armed parties" if they crossed the frontier with only their own sporting firearms, the country is closed to them. Moreover, for years past the more accessible part of Somaliland from Berbera has been by unwritten law reserved for Anglo-Indian officers, who spend short leave there, and shooting-parties from England do not draw trigger till they get beyond the "leave zone," which extends about a hundred miles inland from the coast.

To console the Anglo-Indian sportsman, he is bidden cast his eye upon East Africa and the shooting-grounds opened up by the progressing Mombasa-Uganda Railway. This will convey him rapidly through the low-lying "fever belt" on to the healthier highlands, where there is still plenty of game. The coolies employed on the line, Mr. Jackson states, are so harassed by lions that they have to surround their temporary villages with lion-proof fences of thorn. The average sportsman asks nothing better than to be harassed by lions, which are, when invited to pay a visit, most disappointingly slow to accept the hospitality offered. The railhead of the Mombasa-Uganda line should, therefore, become popular as it is pushed further in. In November it was over two hundred miles from the coast.

On the opposite page I give pictures of some tableaux which were presented at Watford on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in connection with the Public Library.

"TABLEAU VIVANT! HERE'S A PICTURE FOR YOU!"

From Photographs by W. Coles, Watford.



Mr. E. H. Sedgwick and Miss J. Stewart acting the nursery rhyme which tells of "Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. When the pie was opened the birds began to sing! Now was not that a dainty dish to set before a King?"



Grace Darling (Miss André).



"The boy (Miss C. I. André) stood on the burning deck."

The year is young, but Teddy Righton and Mrs. Charles Mathews, two veteran players, have gone. It was but a few months ago that I met Mrs. Charles Mathews in a friend's drawing-room, looking, moving, talking as youthful as ever. She was indeed a wonderful woman, and in her time had been a very excellent though not a first-rate actress.



THE LATE MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.
Photo by Adolphe Beau.

remembering the somewhat romantic story of the pair. Mrs. Mathews appeared but little on the stage after 1864, but on June 8, 1868, I saw her and her husband play Dazzle and Lady Gay in a special performance of "London Assurance" at the Haymarket, in a cast which is stuffed full of honoured histrionic names. The crowd, the waiting at the pit-door, the acting, and the enthusiasm of the audience on that occasion are fresh in my memory.

The Lancashire village of Ulverstone is distinguished in possessing in its cemetery a unique piece of monumental sculpture. Some lighthouses along our coasts may have been reared to commemorate individual worth as well as to serve as a beacon to storm-tossed mariners. Be that as it may, a Miss Wilson has erected at Ulverstone a lighthouse—twenty-three feet high, with a spreading base twenty-five feet in circumference—in remembrance of her father. Constructed of white Carrara marble, this strangely situated lighthouse is surmounted with a small dome and ball, supported on four pillars, and between these is a chamber ornamented with a moulded cornice and containing the radiating lantern. There is a light of forty candle-power and a lamp with a burning capacity of about thirteen feet of gas per hour. A large and finely carved anchor is cut in bold relief beneath the entrance-door, and the base of the lighthouse is skilfully carved to represent waves breaking against the rocks, and a coping covered with sea-sand will soon be placed around this, in order to impart a thoroughly realistic appearance. In this manner it is sought to perpetuate the memory of Thomas Watkins Wilson, M.D., who died in 1897.

The recent signature of the Spanish-American Treaty of Peace in Paris gave rise, it is said, to a rather amusing incident. The seals affixed to diplomatic documents of this nature are usually ornamented by a few inches of coloured silk ribbon. The ribbon may not be exactly essential to make the instrument valid, but its employment has been consecrated by immemorial precedent, and no one has ever had the temerity to suggest that it might be dispensed with. As a delicate compliment to France, where the sittings of the Commission had been held, one of the Spanish delegates proposed that a tricolour ribbon should be employed. The proposition, naturally, was accepted by all his colleagues with enthusiasm, but, after ransacking the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs from top to bottom, not an inch of tricoloured ribbon was to be found. A brilliant idea occurred to one of the high officials of the

Ministry. Calling a porter, he despatched him to a well-known confectioner's in the Faubourg St. Honoré to purchase a pound of sweetmeats, ordering him to see that the packet was tied up with a piece of red, white, and blue ribbon. The mission was executed faithfully, and, after the bonbons had been eaten, the ribbon that had tied them up had the glorious destiny of serving to seal the Treaty of Peace.

The rumour that the Empress Frederick proposes to pay a visit to the Queen when the latter is at Nice in March has been seized upon by the pseudo-patriotic journals of Paris as a pretext for reminding their readers that the Empress is the mother of the German Emperor. The perfidy of the manœuvre is apparent, especially when the lasting debt of gratitude Paris lies under to the Empress is remembered. Had it not been for the intervention of the Empress at the time of the siege of the French capital, Bismarck's project of reducing Paris to a heap of ruins would certainly have been carried into effect. In spite of the insistence of the Iron Chancellor, the bombardment was delayed from day to day. "When they say that they do not want to commence because they have not sufficient ammunition, they lie! They do not want to open fire because the Crown Prince does not wish it, and the Crown Prince does not wish it because his wife and his mother-in-law are opposed to it." Such is Bismarck's posthumous testimony to the rôle played by the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria at a time when France lay humbled at the feet of the conqueror. It did not save her from an avalanche of insults when she paid the memorable visit to Paris a few years ago; but then, at least, there was the excuse that but few people were acquainted with the facts. This is not the case at present.

The arrangements of the Spanish Post Office seem to be as rotten as those of the rest of the Administration. Friends of mine who live in Andalusia tell me that Post

Office clerks frequently open letters which are bulky and appear likely to contain money or anything valuable. If nothing is found worth having, the letters are torn up or thrown away. Registered letters are somewhat more tenderly treated, although, if these are lost, but small compensation is obtained, and that only after much clamouring. As to parcels, if sent by parcel post, they stand a poor chance of reaching their destination, and most people send theirs by a local carrier. A robbery of ten thousand letters has been lately discovered, perpetrated by a Post Office employé. Amongst these letters were a great many containing sums of money which had been sent to the poor repatriated soldiers from Cuba.

If ever there was a heartless theft, this was one, for the poor wretches from Cuba, ragged, fever-stricken, and starving, are a sight to make one's heart bleed. No one seems to trouble about them. They come back to their homes in Spain, and there they scarcely find a welcome, for there is difficulty enough in getting bread for the rest of the family, and they are far too weak and broken-down to do any work.



THE LATE MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.
Photo by Adolphe Beau.



THE LATE MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS.
Photo by Adolphe Beau.

One poor man came to an English lady residing in Spain for physic, and she begged him to stay and have a good meal, but he shook his head, and said that since the yellow fever he could hardly bear the sight of food. They come to her in numbers for quinine, and her fame has spread about so much that often officers and well-to-do people come begging for quinine, as what they can get at the shops is weak and adulterated, and they will offer to pay anything for it. The doctors, in the South at least, are incompetent and lazy. Often a sick man will have to wait a day or more before the local *Æsculapius* comes near him. Indeed, to hear the endless stories of misery and want makes one's heart ache to think how little one can do to relieve it. Here would be a chance for some philanthropic soul. The good that could be done is incalculable, and it is touching to see the gratitude of the poor creatures who are so unused to be thought of or cared for. Some Spaniards may be fanatics and bigots, but all who have lived in Spain unite in praising the kind hearts, unfailing courtesy, and good-humour of the peasant.

The war between Spain and the United States has not been in vain, since it has led the Admiralty to at last abandon ordinary wood fittings in our battleships. Ever since the Chino-Japanese War showed that as many officers and men were wounded by burning spars as by the enemy's guns, the naval authorities have been urged to do away with wood fittings. Thanks to an American inventor, non-flammable wood will be used in all the new battleships. The Admiralty have probably hesitated until they were convinced of the utility of this new process.



[Photo by the Gainsborough Studio, Oxford Street, W.]

CARDINAL VAUGHAN, THE LEADER OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND

His Eminence, who was born on April 15, 1832, comes of an old Welsh fami'y. Some of his ancestors fought for Prince Charlie, and then entered the Spanish service. The Vaughans are devoted Roman Catholics, five of the Cardinal's brothers being priests, while three of his sisters have been nuns. He is now head of his house, the family seat being at Courtfield, near Ross, Hereford.

MORE ABOUT THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Certainly the Chinaman has got the most extraordinary way of doing things. He smokes sedulously out of a water-pipe that always seems to me as though it were made out of a discarded sardine-tin, a bit of a tin whistle, and some spokes from a damaged typewriter machine. I smoke, myself; but I like a pipe into which I can stick a good half-ounce of another man's tobacco. The Chinaman, too, makes a terrible labour of it all. He gets a piece of shag tobacco, twists it up about the size of a pea, sticks it into the end of the tin whistle, gives a long indraught sort of suck, while he lights the tobacco with a smouldering taper; then blows out a cloud of blue smoke, spits vigorously, puffs down the whistle to clear the pipe of ashes, rolls another piece of shag, lights up again, and so on by the hour. He has one draw to four spits, and it occupies a minute and a-half to get ready.

Chinamen sleep two in a bed—that is, on something hard that goes by the name of bed. But they don't sleep side by side. One sleeps at one end, and the other at the other end, so that each man's feet can become entwined with the other man's pigtail. They are fond of fruit, but I used to strike horror into the eyes of the heathen when I ate half-a-dozen oranges before breakfast. A Chinaman won't

eat an orange. It is much too valuable to be eaten. He carries it for long days in his coat-sleeve, and sniffs it at convenient moments. He likes the fragrance, and it does in place of a scent-bottle.

Once, in the far West of the Celestial Empire, a good missionary gave my two comrades and myself a loaf of bread and a pot of jam. We hadn't tasted bread for two months, and one must go without bread for two months to know what my joy was like when I munched my first crust. An ancient Chinese dignitary brought his small, elliptical-eyed, pigtailed son to look at us, just as our fathers used to take us, when we were aged six, to look at the beasts in the travelling menageries. The little fellow was very frightened. He had a hazy idea that foreigners ate small boys, and he shrank back and watched us wonderingly while we literally wolfed that bread-and-jam. I took a slice of bread, smeared it with preserve, and held it out. He was shy. But his father soothed him, smiled, and said it was all right. The tiny Celestial took the bread in his hand, and moved it about awkwardly. Then, with much persuasion, he took a bite. A curious look came into his little slit eyes. He took a bigger bite. Then he ran his finger into the jam, and sucked the finger. Next he ran his little tongue all over the bread, licking off the jam. He was enthusiastic, and it was a marvellous sight. It was a small boy tasting jam for the first time in his life.

When I cycled along the canal-banks that interlace the province of Hupeh like a piece of fretwork, I watched the fishermen. They were not exactly disciples of Isaac Walton, and they did things that probably the Compleat Angler would have been very angry about. On moonlight nights a boat would be staked in a bit of marsh caused by a broken bank of the canal. Overboard was hung a thin board, painted white. The idiotic Chinese fish invariably took this white plank for a moonbeam, and in their friskiness tried to jump over it. Of course, they fell into the boat. So the fisher snoozed comfortably at home, and came down in the morning for his catch.

But another way of fishing I saw was more ingenious. Three men went out in a punt. The punt moved along slowly. Around swam from a dozen to twenty cormorants. Every now and then a bird would plunge into the water and come up with a fish in his beak. He gave it a toss in the air, and the fish disappeared into the cormorant's throat. Then one of the men would stretch out a long pole, the bird would perch on it, and be dragged aboard. The boatman took the cormorant by the neck, gave it a squeeze, and out came the fish. A copper wire was tied round the bird's neck; so it was able to catch, but could not swallow. A little training, and the bird always jumped on the pole to be pulled into the boat and relieved of the lump in its throat.

They have a curious system of letter-carrying among the Celestials. The mail-vans are canal-boats, tiny cockleshells, with the letter-box lying in the middle. But the reason I mention the post is to refer to the way the boats are propelled. Rowing-boats, all the world over, so far as I know, are pulled by hand. But not these Chinese postal-boats. They

are pushed by feet. The man sits in the rear-end of the boat, facing the prow. He props his back up against a stiff board, and steers with the tiller under his arm. His naked feet have hold of a rather flat-handled oar. Very dexterously he works this in the rowlock, the oar falls in the water and rises, and the boat speeds along swiftly. It requires many years of practice before a man can row with his feet. But, when he is skilful, no man who pulls with the arms can approach him in strength. A man has four times the power in his legs. And the Chinese letter-carrier lolls back in his boat, and plays with his opium-pipe, and seems to be having an easy time.

Of course, one hears a good deal in this country about the fragrance of Chinese tea. So when I went to China I set my heart on having the genuine article. I don't know whether it was because my taste was perverted, but certainly I never tasted such vile stuff as that genuine article was. Chinese tea, as made in China, has the flavour of musty hay soaked in lukewarm water. It is drunk in small cups, without milk or sugar—sugar, the Celestials say, spoils the flavour, and they scorn to drink milk, which is the food of calves. The most famous tea is Puerh tea. The Emperor drinks it at Pekin. I've drunk it in a mandarin's yamen. But I won't do it again. A gentleman got hold of some of this marvellous tea. He had a friend who was a prominent Mineing Lane dealer. He sent him a packet and asked him his opinion as an expert. The friend replied, "I got your packet all right. I never tasted such muck in my life. It just shows the sort of stuff that can be placed on the market under the name of tea." Its value was about twenty-four shillings the pound.

There is much that is topsy-turvy among those denizens of the Flower Land. They do things backwards. When they plane a board, the shavings are curled up by pulling the plane towards them, instead of pushing it away, as with us. It's the same in giving a dinner-party. In England we arrive at our host's house just at the dinner-hour, and, after dinner, smoke and talk and go away at eleven o'clock. The Chinese guests arrive two hours before dinner. They sit and talk, have dinner, and the instant it is over they make their adieux and hasten off.

Now, it is the coster in London who rides a donkey and the gentleman who rides a horse. No Chinese gentleman, however, would ride a horse. That's an animal for the common people. A real high-class mandarin always requires a mule. When on his travels, he takes a chair with him. A chair is a very dignified means of conveyance. A mandarin will ride his mule from preference in the country, but it is as much as his pigtail is worth to go through the streets of a city in other than a chair.

But it is quite wrong to imagine that a Chinaman is absolutely impervious to the advantages of civilisation. True, a man of culture doesn't go in for collecting first editions of rare books, and he doesn't have Japanese prints on his wall or bronzes in his hall. But when he wants to be thoroughly and unmistakably swagger, he gets hold of a cheap silver European watch—specially made, I should think, for the Chinese market. He can't make it go, even if it were ever intended to go. Sometimes, by main force, he gets the hands to move round. Yet the accuracy of the time matters little. He has a European watch, and he pins it on to the outside of his tunic, and there it is for the whole world to see.

This, however, is really a concession to vanity, rather than an appreciation of Western ideas. For, of course, the Chinaman can be as conservative and old-fashioned as the Pyramids themselves. At a city called Tali-fu, lying in the far West of China, I had become so utterly disreputable and tattered and out-at-heel, with climbing over the great dread mountains, that I thought it well to have my boots repaired. An ancient cobbler, that wore saucer-sized glasses with rims of horn, took hold of my British-made boots, and then he remarked as follows: "I've never seen boots like those in my life before, and I've never been asked to mend boots like those. My grandfather was a cobbler, and I'm sure he never mended a pair of boots like those. My father was a cobbler also, and I'm certain he never did. Therefore, I'm not going to mend them." And he didn't, and I had to take to the wearing of native sandals.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



THE OPIUM-SMOKER OF MISSIONARY ROMANCE.

eat an orange. It is much too valuable to be eaten. He carries it for long days in his coat-sleeve, and sniffs it at convenient moments. He likes the fragrance, and it does in place of a scent-bottle.



THE OPIUM-SMOKER IN REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE OTHER WOMAN: A STUDY IN FRAGMENTS.

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

He who serves by *being* does the best service.

"Dr. Lethbridge!"

The beautiful voice that had been singing stopped abruptly, and Elinor Ransome dropped her hands upon the keys with a little crash, as she rose to meet her visitor.

"Is it barbarous of me to come at such a time and interrupt your practising?" he asked. "But I have come to ask you a favour, a great favour, and I came off to you directly I got—this."

He held a letter out to her, and, still standing, she read it through twice, while he also stood, watching her.

The June sunshine fell upon the softness of her hair and turned its brownness into gold; it flickered about her tall, straight form, and fell upon the downbent face, on which the colour came and went in swift, soft flushes. The man fell to wondering, as the seconds flew by, what her answer would be to his request, and whether the favour he had asked would be granted.

A certain gravity spread over the natural brightness of his own face, the smile in his eyes faded a little all at once as she looked up and her clear grey eyes met his fully and squarely.

"I don't think I quite understand what you want me to do?"

"That note reached me this morning from Lady Grenside—you knew I know them?"

She bowed gravely.

"They have two big concerts there on Friday and Saturday—charity things. Their chief singer has failed—well, you see what her note says."

"Yes, I see all that. But where do *I* come in?"

Again those eyes of hers, which irresistibly reminded him of a stream of clear water, looked into his. For a moment he shifted ever so slightly from one foot to the other, his gaze fell a little before hers.

He had recovered himself in an instant.

"Lady Grenside begs me to find someone to help her. It is the very last moment, and most difficult to find anyone. I thought of you at once, you and your beautiful voice—will you come and help?"

A great flush of indignation swept over her face from brow to chin. Her eyes flashed ominously.

"I think you must have forgotten any respect you ever had for me," she said slowly, "if you ask me to go to Grenside Castle—with you." A little scorn slipped into her voice.

The man's keen eyes looked straight into her flashing ones, so nearly on a level with his own; a dusky red mounted to his forehead.

"There is no woman I respect more than I do you in this world," he said; "and still I ask you to come to Grenside, and, as you say, under my escort. I go on Friday afternoon, and come back on Sunday night. You have always been a good friend to me. You have never failed me in anything I asked you to do. Will you fail me now?"

A little smile hovered over the face uplifted to his, but the indignation had not died out of the eyes.

"Look here, Dr. Lethbridge," she said; "I know we have been, and, I hope, always will be, good friends. As for what I have done for you—well, I have been able to act as your secretary pretty often—yes, and a few little things of that kind. But it is a very different thing to be asked to go to a house like Grenside Castle for three days as your friend. Would you take your sister there? No, I can't do it."

Her lips set a little firmly, but the man's strong mouth set firmly too. It was a clear case of "Greek meets Greek."

"It is of no use our pretending to each other, Miss Ransome—I should *not* take my sister there, because, if I did, it would be worse than useless. She would feel out of place, and would do no earthly good, and, besides—"

"Besides, it is not the house you would take your sister to. You are at least frank, Dr. Lethbridge."

"Don't be cross with me," and all at once a tender inflexion crept into his deep voice. "I swear to you I am not asking you to do this because I am wanting in respect to *you*. Good God! what an idea! You are the only woman I know who could tackle the situation."

He touched her hand lightly as he spoke.

"I don't quite grasp any situation, except that you want me to sing in a house which no decent woman would willingly enter."

"Will you trust me?" he said eagerly. "I know I am asking you to do a distasteful thing. I know it is difficult to understand why I should ask you, but I have a real good reason for it; and you know—you must know—I would not put *you* into an equivocal position."

A softness came about her eyes. She had worked for this man in many ways. They had been friends for, how many—two, three years?—never more than friends, but it had always been growing into deeper friendship, and it was difficult to resist doing what he asked her as a favour.

Silence fell between them again. She looked, with a half-questioning glance, at his tall, strong form—the face, whose chief characteristic was strength; the eyes, that always seemed to look out so squarely and straightly upon life and the world, with a brave cheeriness ever in their depths. There was a strange pleading in them now, a little foreign to their customary masterful meeting of every difficulty.

"I—" (she stopped, spoke swiftly), "I do not in the least understand why you ever thought of such a thing—it seems most curious." The indignation had died out of her voice. "It hurt me, at first, that you could even have *dreamt* of asking me to go to Grenside. But I do trust you, of course"—her eyes smiled into his—"and, if I can help you by coming, I—"

"You will come? It's most awfully good of you, to take it all on trust. Some day I will tell you why I asked you to do such an extraordinary thing—now I can only say, thank you a thousand times."

He held her hand closely for a moment, then was gone, with the words, "I'll let you know about all arrangements for Friday."

And Elinor Ransome stood in the sunlight, pondering deeply. She lived alone in a little flat, supplementing her small income by her writing and such work as had brought her in contact with Dr. Lethbridge.

Unconventional and unworldly though she was, she had no small knowledge of life and the world.

Standing alone in her pretty room, she broke suddenly into a soft laugh.

"Well, I've agreed to go, and it's got to be done," she said; "the whole thing, for two days, now resolves itself into a question of clothes!"

"Dr. Lethbridge is bringing a lady—a friend of his! If it were not Dr. Lethbridge, we might ask a few pertinent questions about his *friend*."

Lady Grenside glanced round the breakfast-table and laughed.

Her guests laughed too. Only her husband frowned a little. He disliked thoroughly his wife's guests and their rowdiness, his wife's *risqué* remarks, his wife's whole entourage. But he was merely "Lady Grenside's husband," a useful appendage, convenient as the sheet-anchor which still moored that lady to respectable society—a section of it, that is to say. Perhaps, if he had been another man, he would long ago have ceased doing duty as—"only sheet-anchor."

Some people said he was a weak fool; others, that he must be an ignorant ass; others, again, that he was either very long-suffering or very blind; but, whichever it was, the world knew only that he usually figured in the Society news as at his wife's side—

Lady Grenside, having returned from the Continent, has rejoined the Viscount at Grenside Castle.

Lord and Lady Grenside are entertaining a party of distinguished guests, including the Duke of Longreach.

Then folks shrugged their shoulders again, and said—

"Why on earth doesn't he divorce her? Why does he allow the Duke in his house when, as everyone knows, the Duke and Lady Grenside—," &c.

Yet Lord Grenside sat at the end of his own breakfast-table, loathing his wife's guests from the bottom of his heart, and frowning at her coarse innuendos, but giving her still the shelter of his name.

Weakness, was it, or gentlemanly but mistaken loyalty? Which?

The Duke laughed loudest at the remark of the mistress of the house.

"Come, my lady," he said, "no sinister suggestions about Lethbridge. He is above reproach!"

"A Bayard?" sneered a younger man.

But the Duke turned on the speaker suddenly.

"Yes, sir. He is a man who has kept straight, and I, for one, respect him for it."

A little, surprised silence fell round the table. It was so very seldom that the Duke placed himself on the side of "straightness." The snub was, for him, an unusual one.

Lady Grenside broke the silence first with a clear, rather hard laugh.

"We all like Dr. Lethbridge, in spite of his—straightness. I am not so sure about the lady. I have a presentiment she will be horribly dowdy, badly dressed, and a prig. Respectability and dowdiness are synonymous terms, Duke, aren't they?"

"Can't say, Madam. My acquaintance with either is not of long standing."

"Any standing at all? Eh?" laughed a girl across the table. "I don't believe you know the meaning of the words."

"Webster's Dictionary will help me if I want to know—thanks, Miss Helstone. I have no wish to pry into matters that are too high for me."

"True for you, that, your Grace," said a man sitting opposite. "Better stick to this world, and the things of this world; they are more in your line."

Another loud laugh greeted this remark; then the girl called Miss Helstone leant across to her hostess.

"Must we be horribly civil to this respectable friend of your beloved doctor? By the way, someone said once that doctors' womenfolk were always impossible. Is this one? She may be amusing if she is."

"She isn't the doctor's 'womanfolk'—yet." Lady Grenside glanced at the Duke with half-closed eyes and a little, insolent smile. "She is only his friend. Oh, I daresay she will be amusing, and, if only she doesn't spoil the concert, she may be the last possibility of an Impossible, with a big *I*. Now, I move that this assembly adjourn, and whoever wants to bicycle with me, say so, but don't all speak at once!"

"Miss Ransome—Dr. Lethbridge!"

The doors of the drawing-room were flung open wide; a silence fell on the group of people scattered over the great room drinking

tea and chattering noisily as Lady Grenside rose and moved forward to meet her guests.

Her lovely face, her extreme charm of manner, her exquisite dress, were calculated to make most women a little awkward, not to mention the natural shyness which anyone might be justified in feeling on coming into a big room full of strangers; all this flashed through the minds of many of the onlookers as they turned to watch the entrance of the new guests.

But there was no trace of shyness or awkwardness in the tall woman who came into the room followed by Dr. Lethbridge. There was only a certain emphasised dignity in her carriage, a little stateliness in the movements of her graceful figure, a certain queenliness in the pose of her head.

"Head well put on," a man whispered to Miss Helstone.

"Where is our dowdy, respectable prig?" the girl flashed back at him. "She is as well-dressed as my lady herself!"

Lady Grenside's greeting of her guest was as graceful as she alone knew how to make it, and the astonishment she undoubtedly felt was in no way apparent. The woman before her was not in the least what she had expected to see.

This stately creature, with the beautiful face, the graceful, courteous manner, the pleasant, well-bred words, was not at all what she had pictured to herself.

The words about a doctor's womenfolk ran through her mind as she led her guest to the neighbourhood of the tea-table. Any doctor fortunate enough to acquire someone like this as his "womanfolk" would be a lucky man!

Dr. Lethbridge had been absorbed into one of the laughing groups lower down the room. The Earl stood talking to his wife's latest guest, a pleased expression on his face, a strong wish in his kindly heart that all his wife's guests were of that calibre, when the Duke sauntered in.

An amused look flashed into his eyes as he took his place by Lady Grenside and whispered—

"Hullo! not quite a dowdy, after all. Introduce me, please, Lady G. By Jove, what eyes!" he added under his breath as he bowed to the tall woman, whose head moved ever so slightly in response to his greeting, who ignored entirely his outstretched hand, and turned again, but decidedly, to her conversation with Lord Grenside.

A little flush mounted to the Duke's forehead; he was unaccustomed to a rebuff, even of the politest kind. The blood in his veins was of the bluest blue, dashed with royal purple, and that one woman, with clear, scornful eyes, should look at him as if he were an unwhipped schoolboy, annoyed him.

"I'll be even with her," he muttered. "She's only a woman, after all. I shan't fail."

"What do you think of your pet doctor's protégée?" he asked Lady Grenside later, as they sauntered together on the terrace.

"Think? Oh, she's very handsome, very good manners, very well dressed. I wish that—"

"You wish what?"

"I wish that her eyes were different."

"What's the matter with her eyes?"

"They're so clear," Lady Grenside said impatiently. "They—oh, I don't know what they do to me, not irritate me exactly. They are like a child's eyes, I think; they make me feel ashamed."

Her voice grew all at once low and wistful, a cloud fell upon her beautiful face. The Duke glanced at her in surprise, then laughed.

"My dear child, you've got the hump, or the blues, or indigestion. Why on earth should that confounded woman's eyes make you ashamed? Buck up! Come and give me a flower for my button-hole."

Elinor Ransome stood before the audience in the great hall of the Castle, a little flush on her face, a deep light in her clear eyes; and, as the first notes of her voice rang through the room, a hush fell on the crowd of smartly dressed, chattering folk in front of her.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways—'" Softly, tenderly, each word as it came from her lips was like a caress, and some of the hearts of the men and women there—careless, reckless, dried-up, as many of them were—quickened suddenly, and, as the tender voice swelled into a triumphant burst in the words—

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach. . . . I love thee purely,

a mistiness came over some of the eyes that watched the singer.

I love thee to the level of every day's most quiet need . . .

I love thee with the breath of all my life . . .

And if God choose, . . . I shall but love thee better after death.

The wonderful words rose and fell in the wonderful voice in a great outburst of song that died away at the end into a very passion of tenderness, which yet had in it more of divine than of earthly love.

As the last notes ended, her grey eyes—love-lit, were they, with the influence of the song?—met the intent gaze of the man who had brought her here to sing. A great wave of colour swept over her face as she moved away amid the thunders of applause that followed the end of her song.

"By Jove! that woman knows what she's singing about, doesn't she? Not so good and innocent as you think, Lady G. She is no novice in the ways of love, I'll take my oath, in spite of her eyes, that seem to have bewitched you!" The Duke whispered the words into his hostess's ear.

She flashed round on him, and he saw that her eyes were misty.

"You and I don't know the elementary meaning of the word *love*," she said, in a low, vehement voice. "She knows the love which she sings about—no other. Don't sneer at her—I can't stand it, somehow; and don't—"

"My dear lady, don't go into heroics! I think it's a deuced pity our doctor ever brought her here. I don't mind betting you a—what? a diamond bangle—he means to teach her all she doesn't yet know about love." ("Unless I try my hand on her!" the thought ran through his mind.) "Did you see how he watched her to-night?"

"She is worth watching. Better worth it than the rest of us, perhaps"—and Lady Grenside turned away from him, her eyes still dim, a curious softness upon her face.

But the Duke scowled.

He had made one or two fruitless efforts towards friendliness with Miss Ransome, which she had quietly but decidedly crushed; and, being unaccustomed to snubs, he was, perhaps, more attracted than he chose to own by the beautiful woman who seemed so impervious to his fascinations.

He sauntered into the great conservatory after supper that night.

Elinor Ransome stood alone—come for a tiny breathing-space to this quiet place among the flowers.

The Duke glanced at her approvingly. The flush brought to her face by her last song still lingered there; a certain soft brightness was in her eyes, a little smile about her mouth.

He strolled to her side.

"Tired, Miss Ransome?" he said.

She started. The brightness in her eyes died away; her smile faded. She drew herself up.

"A little," she answered, and moved towards the door.

But the Duke barred her way.

"Don't be in such a hurry to run off!" he exclaimed. "Why are you so afraid of me?" and he shot a laughing, insolent glance at her.

"Afraid of you?" Scorn rang through her voice.

"Well, you know, you are awfully unkind to me," he laughed. "You look at me as if I were some kind of reptile, and, you know, you can be charming when you like."

"Kindly let me pass," she said, glancing at him very much as though she did consider him of the reptile tribe.

"I'll be hanged if I will! Why can't you be friendly? Women are generally friendly to me."

"Are they?" Her voice was dangerously quiet.

He drew suddenly close to her, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Give me a kiss and I'll let you go. You know you aren't as proper as you like to seem to be. Come, now," and the face whose handsome outlines coarseness was fast blurring came close to hers.

"How dare you?" she said in a low voice. "How dare you touch me?" and she shook off his hand as though it had been some noxious beast. "Let me pass at once."

He drew back sullenly, cowed by the look in her eyes.

"You aren't going to scream, are you?" he muttered.

"Scream? I? Why should I scream?" Her eyes swept the man before her from head to foot. "You are the first man in all my life who has ever insulted me," she said. "Is it a prerogative of royalty to insult a woman?" and, with these scathing words, she passed him swiftly and re-entered the house.

"The devil!" the Duke muttered. "The devil!"

Lady Grenside moved restlessly to and fro in her tiny boudoir, which she called her sanctum. She had dressed early for dinner, and had planned a pleasant hour in the tiny, beautiful room that looked over the wide park to the lake and to the far-off hills. But she was restless. She could settle to nothing; she took up book after book, and put each in turn impatiently down.

"I have got the blues, I do believe!" she exclaimed, as for the fiftieth time she walked to the window and looked out.

A soft knock sounded on the door, and Lady Grenside turned hastily to see the very person she had been thinking of on the threshold.

Elinor Ransome looked her best always in evening-dress. It gave full effect to the stately turn of her head, the beauty of her neck and arms.

"Please forgive me for bothering you," she said, in her low, pleasant voice. "I was told I should find you here; and, if it is not a great trouble, do you think I might run through my songs before dinner?"

"Of course. How stupid of me not to have thought of it! Please do come in. You shall try them here, if you will."

"May I, really? I should like to immensely," and Elinor's frank eyes looked smilingly into those of her hostess.

"What is it about her that makes me like her whether I will or not?" Lady Grenside's thoughts ran. "Is it her charm, or her frankness, or the sheer crystal purity in her eyes?"

In the other woman's mind much the same train of thought was passing about Lady Grenside—

"What a marvellous fascination there is about her! I could love her easily. And I don't believe all the stories one hears of her. They can't be true. It is impossible to believe them of a woman with her face!"

The stories were true, every one of them, as a matter of fact. But the woman with the clear eyes saw only the best of the other. Perhaps to her the worst was invisible. Who knows?

Lady Grenside was alone in her small room when Elinor, for the second time, came into it.



[Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.]

MISS ALICE DE WINTON.

She made her first appearance in "Theodora," at the Princess's Theatre, six or seven years ago. She is a sister of Miss Dora de Winton.

"Come and sit down," the hostess said; "you need not begin to sing yet. Are you going to make us all weep again, as we did last night?"

"I hope not. I was not conscious of doing anything so unpleasant."

"You sang so very much as though your whole heart were in it." As Lady Grenside spoke she looked narrowly at her guest. "I still hear the echo of the words, 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.' It seemed as though they were already countless."

A little flush swept softly into the other's face.

"I do so love that song!" she said simply. "I suppose I do put all my heart into it. It is like the personification of the love that is life. Isn't it?"

"You sang as though you knew—as though you knew." The words were almost a whisper.

But, though Elinor flushed again, her answer was quiet.

"I don't think one can reach my age without knowing something of the best thing in life."

"You do call it that?" the other asked eagerly.

"Of course, I think"—Elinor spoke dreamily, as though she had forgotten, for an instant, where she was, to whom she spoke—"I think wifehood and motherhood are the best a woman can ask for or get."

The evening light fell full upon her face and on the shining of her eyes. Lady Grenside shrank back a little into the shadow.

"But—love?" she said. "Wifehood—and motherhood; with love, you mean?"

"With love? Oh yes, yes! I should not want to take them unless they came as love's gift."

Silence fell between them.

Lady Grenside broke it first.

"You said yesterday you thought I was to be envied. Why did you think so?"

Elinor smiled.

"Your home is so lovely," she said simply, "and you have so many things that other women have to go without. Your husband—your children—"

"Some women would rather be without the children," Lady Grenside said, a veiled sarcasm in her words. She looked curiously, almost searchingly, into her companion's face. "Are you as simple and straight as you appear?" her look seemed to say.

But Elinor's eyes were fixed on the soft golden light upon the hills outside.

"Yes, some women say so, I know," she said. "It is hard to believe they really mean it. I think every woman who is a woman must feel the same: that to marry the man she loves, and to be the mother of his children, is—Heaven." Her voice dropped a little; the colour again swept into her face.

"You have such dear little children!" she went on, and her clear eyes turned now and looked into the lovely face that had all at once flushed too; "it is no wonder that I think you are to be envied."

"Do you mean that you would like to have children?" Lady Grenside watched her narrowly.

"I? Ah, yes, I can't tell you how I love little children!" Elinor leant forward and touched the white, jewelled hand of her hostess. "I don't know why I am talking like this to you. I don't generally wear my heart on my sleeve; but I can't help talking to you."

"Yet I don't suppose that I am the sort of woman you generally like to talk to at all." A ring of bitterness rang through Lady Grenside's voice. "I wonder why you came here at all? Did you like coming?"

"Not at first." Elinor spoke slowly, almost reluctantly.

"Then why did you come?"

"I came to help Dr. Lethbridge."

"He is a great friend of yours, isn't he?" Those searching blue eyes scrutinised Elinor's face again, a mocking smile in their depths.

"Yes, a great friend. He has been so good to me!" The *double entendre* had passed unheeded. The mockery died out of Lady Grenside's eyes. Something that might have been shame came into them instead. She looked as if she were going to say, "I beg your pardon," but her words were—

"And are you sorry you came?"

"No—glad."

"Why?"

"Because I have learnt to know you."

"Have you?" Lady Grenside's tone was suddenly hard. "I am not easy to know." And her bewilderingly fascinating smile flashed over her face as she rose slowly and walked towards the door.

Then, with a sudden, strange impulsiveness, she moved swiftly back to the other woman's side and kissed her softly without a word. But Elinor saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Have you made up your mind?"

"I thought I had, last week. To-night, I do not know."

The Duke looked down at Lady Grenside; a hard smile curved his lips. "You do not know, to-night? Why not? Is love dead to-night?" His voice grew tender. He touched her gently.

She drew away from him.

"Love? Is it love at all?"

Her blue eyes flashed a glance as hard and bright as steel into his.

"Do you mistrust it? Have I not shown it to you, beyond a doubt? And now you will come away with me—away from everything?"

The tenderness in his voice deepened. He came closer to her. But she drew away from him. A shiver ran through her.

"No, I can't."

"Oh, nonsense, little woman! You have got the blues again. After all that has come and gone between us, you can't draw back now. I have made all arrangements. You will meet me, on Monday evening, in town. My yacht will be ready for us at Southampton next day. I have settled everything."

"Have you?" She spoke in a dull voice.

"Everything! It's too late to draw back now. Why on earth should you? Your coming won't be a surprise to *anybody*!" He spoke brutally, watching her with keenly anxious eyes.

"Yes, it will, it would!" she cried, the dulness all at once gone from her voice, her eyes blazing. "It would surprise *one* person, and I won't do that."

"Are you mad?"

"Mad, or sane for the first time? I don't know. But I will not join you on Monday."

He strode angrily towards her, and drew her near him in a fierce, close clasp.

"Are you tired of me, then? Does it mean there is another man?" he whispered.

"Let me go!" she panted, dragging herself out of his arms; "let me go! There is no other man. Need you have insulted me now?"

"What is it, then?" he asked suddenly.

"It is that I have changed my mind, and I am going to stay here, and—and one person would be surprised if I went away with you. I will not surprise her."

"Her? Is it that damned woman?"

"I—oh! I don't know what it is or what to say! But I am not going with you. I am never going—never—never! I am going to stay—at home."

And before the Duke had time to answer the rapid, passionate words, she was gone.

The guests were scattered about the terrace in front of the Castle on Sunday afternoon when Miss Ransome and Dr. Lethbridge were saying good-bye to their host and hostess.

Little, curious, amused glances passed between many people when it was announced that the Duke was leaving by the same train, and still more curious looks fell upon that gentleman himself when he came out and stood talking to Lord Grenside.

"You must really go to-day?" the courteous host asked.

"Yes—thanks, awfully. I find I must be in town to-night—"

"And," Lady Grenside's voice, calm and cold, broke in, "I am sorry to say, Dick, the Duke is afraid it may be some time before he is free to come and see us again."

Her voice did not falter. Her eyes met the Duke's sullen ones unflinchingly. She slipped her hand quietly through her husband's arm, then turned to speed her other "parting guests."

"Dr. Lethbridge," she said, "I don't think we can ever thank you enough for bringing Miss Ransome. Some day she will come to us again, I hope. Will you?" and she held out her hand to Elinor with a smile.

Elinor's warm, firm clasp closed over it for a moment; the two women looked into each other's eyes.

"Will you come?" Lady Grenside repeated gently.

"Indeed, yes, if I may. You have been so good to me!"

"And you—," Lady Grenside broke off short, then finished softly, "Some day I will try to tell you what you have been to me."

A LITTLE-KNOWN FRONTIER-POST.

You never heard of Baksa (or Buxa) Bhutan? Yet two expeditions have centred about it, and for the last thirty-five years the post has been held by a British garrison. Bhutan is a practically unknown country, bounded on the north by Thibet and on the west by Nepal. It consists of a series of extremely high and precipitous mountain-ranges, of which the lower slopes are clothed with dense jungle. The Bhutias are of a markedly Mongolian type, and are extremely dirty and lazy. Bhutan is bounded to the south by the fertile plains of North-Eastern Bengal, and in the "good old days" the Bhutias used to raid down from their mountain fastnesses and pillage the inhabitants of Cooch-Behar, some thirty-five miles from the hills. Once they succeeded in carrying off the Rajah of Cooch-Behar, and subjected him to a long and degrading captivity. Nowadays the Bhutias confine themselves to occasional raids on tea-gardens and the demolition of boundary pillars. The Deo Raj of Bhutan receives an annual subsidy from the Government of sixty thousand rupees, a dozen of whisky, six boxes of biscuits, three pieces of red cloth, and one piece each of blue and of green cloth. The main road from Bhutan to the plains is through Baksa Duars, and is held by a half-battalion of native infantry. During the cold season large numbers of Thibetans, laden with furs, fish, wool, and inferior turquoises, pass through on their way to the plains. They are, if possible, dirtier and more ignorant than the Bhutias. The small cantonment is practically cut out of the hillside. There is only one piece of level ground in the place, and this has to serve as parade-ground and rifle-range. The only amusement consists in shooting, for which the surrounding jungles offer splendid facilities. The nearest railway being forty miles distant, elephants are largely used as a means of communication. Provisions are extremely scarce.

OUR INDIAN SOLDIERS:



THE 7TH BENGAL INFANTRY.



THE 7TH BENGAL INFANTRY ON PARADE.



THE 7TH BENGAL INFANTRY AT BAYONET EXERCISE.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

PITT AND HIS LOVE-STORY.*

The time-spirit or the historical conscience has brought about some curious changes in many public reputations of the past. None are more significant, or more interesting for us, than the change which has undoubtedly taken place concerning the younger Pitt. To most of the



THE HON. ELEANOR EDEN.

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men of that tempestuous time, when England and her fleet almost alone resisted Napoleon, Pitt was what Canning called him—"the Pilot that weathered the storm." After the Whig reaction in this century, Pitt, at the hands of Brougham and Macaulay, met with less favour, and, indeed, hardly with justice. The wordy Alison could not turn the tide. Pitt's reputation may also have declined under the influence both of Buckle and of the Manchester School. Cobden, by his censure of Pitt's war policy, deceived even some of the elect, including Mr. Lecky. But Mr. Lecky has since handsomely acknowledged his error, and he, von Sybel, and Captain Mahan have done much to restore the reputation of Pitt. Hence, when Lord Rosebery's book on Pitt appeared, in 1891, everyone was prepared to assent to his verdict that, "in all history there is no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure."

This volume by Lord Ashbourne will not alter the recent drift of opinion upon Pitt as a statesman. But in the correspondence now first published it adds interesting details on some important public events, and especially as to Pitt's Irish policy. Upon the private life of Pitt some fresh light is also thrown. There are letters to his mother, Lady Chatham, to his brother, the second Lord Chatham, to his tutors, to his political friends, and to many others. We have some new glimpses of Pitt in society and at the fireside. We read of his tender regard for his mother, of his family affections, of the correctness of his life, and his unfailing good-temper.

There is, moreover, one special interest about this volume. It, for the first time, gives us details of Pitt's only affair of the heart. His apparent coldness was the subject of some coarse jokes in his own time. He never yielded to the witchery of women. Unlike Fox, he had no one to cheer him by reading "Don Quixote" after the worry of Parliamentary debate. He never had a Lady Mary to write to him—

But when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last.

He did not, like Johnson, love to have some innocent flirtations in hand. But we are happy to find that he was not deserving of Sir Anthony Absolute's censure. We now see that Pitt was not, after all, a "vile, insensible stock."

Long ago, the world was told by Wilberforce how, in 1783, Necker offered his daughter, afterwards Madame de Staél, to Pitt with £14,000 a-year, and how Madame Necker favoured the match. It is certain that Mdlle. Necker did not relish it, and that Pitt never seriously thought of it. It is, as Lord Ashbourne says, improbable that Pitt made the melodramatic statement, "I am already married to my country." But he did say to Wilberforce that "the better part of love, as well as of valour, is discretion." Perhaps Madame de Staél's later lovers also found this out, but not quite so soon. Pitt, said Lady Chatham, two

years after the Necker project, never had time to think of such engagements. But he found time at last—yet still only to think.

There have been vague published statements as to the fondness of Pitt for the Hon. Eleanor Eden, whose portrait adorns this volume. Here, indeed, we have a chapter, "Pitt's One Love-Story." It is interesting, but the man who speaks of "discretion" in love is too much like Gibbon—who "sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a son"—for the love-story to be tragic. Pitt was an old personal and public friend of the father of Eleanor Eden. He had made Eden a peer, as Lord Auckland, and had appointed him to many public missions of importance. Pitt, at Hollwood, was Lord Auckland's country neighbour, and often visited Eden Farm. He had known Eleanor Eden all her life. By 1796, when she was about twenty, and Pitt was nearly thirty-eight, his friends began to think he was paying marked attention to Eleanor Eden, and gossip began. "The talk of the town," wrote Burke, "is of a marriage between a daughter of Lord Auckland and Mr. Pitt." Two letters were written by Pitt to Lord Auckland in January 1797, and there were two replies. Of these four letters, three remain, and are here first published. Pitt starts the correspondence. Lord Chatham had, long before, called his son an "awkward youth who acquitted himself with remarkable stiffness." These letters show Pitt still stiff. Like most of his letters, they seem too formal and diffuse, too much like the style of his speeches, which Windham called a "State-paper style." But, although Pitt kept himself too well in hand, the correspondence shows that Eleanor Eden was fond of him, that her parents were very anxious for the match, and that Pitt, who had never formally offered marriage, withdrew reluctantly. He wrote to the father to say, in effect, that whilst he found he was becoming fond of Eleanor Eden, in whom he found so many charms, the "obstacles" were "decisive and insurmountable." These "obstacles" are not definitely stated; but, from other passages in this book, and what is known of Pitt's career, there can be little doubt that possibly his health, and certainly his pecuniary position, influenced him. Pitt never had time to make money. He had that contempt for money, that passion for clean hands, which had already so honourably distinguished his father. Whilst Pitt scattered peerages and pensions around him, he was, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, so poor that he could not afford to do a dirty action, and so he did not enrich himself. It now appears that Pitt's mother and his brother used to borrow large sums from him, and Pitt was probably never in a position to provide adequately for Eleanor Eden.

It is pleasant to know that the family still remained friendly, although it is not stated whether Pitt ever met Eleanor Eden again. Within two years she married a peer, and we find her father then declaring that there "never was a marriage which promised so much happiness." As Countess of Buckinghamshire she lived until 1851. Nine years after his renunciation, Pitt was carried to his burial in Westminster



PITT IN 1805.—FROM THE PICTURE BY HOPPNER.

Reproduced in "The Sketch" by kind permission of Mr. W. A. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.

Abbey. The great statesman was the last man in the world to keep a *journal intime* or to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and so we shall never know what he thought of the Greek saying that, whether a man marries or does not marry, he will equally regret it.—GEORGE WHALE.

* "Pitt: Some Chapters of His Life and Times." By Lord Ashbourne. London: Longmans.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Christmas has brought with it a reopening of exhibitions, and two of the most important that have been seen in London for a long time are to be found, one at Burlington House and one at the New Gallery. The contrast between the two shows is startling enough, for it is no less than a contrast between Rembrandt and Burne-Jones. To the Rembrandt exhibition every man who has the slightest feeling for art should most certainly go. It is one of the most remarkable collections in its present temporary home that could be found outside perhaps Amsterdam. It is a matter of hearty congratulation that so many fine pictures by this master should be at the present moment in the hands of English owners; and, if that ownership should ever change, it is devoutly to be hoped that most of them, at all events, will drift into the National Gallery, and will not find their way to foreign collectors.

One of the chief attractions of the Rembrandt collection is the extraordinary conclusiveness with which each step in his career is illustrated and exemplified, from the days when, afire with youth and

romantic splendour of treatment; and what portrait of a King in his robes touches the height of this likeness of a neglected painter without friends or clients?" That, I submit, is not only a very fine bit of writing, but also a very fine bit of criticism.

The portraits form the chief staple of the exhibition, but there are some extremely noble landscapes also among them. His landscape, for example, is conceived not perhaps according to the outlook with which you or I regard nature with our everyday eyes, but with the spiritual eyes that see depth, and colour, and relation separate yet in unity. Such was the landscape of the storm, for instance, in which Shakspere set his "Lear"; you feel the affinity at once. "Shepherds Reposing at Night" and "The Mill" may both be selected as inimitable examples of this art.

The excellence of Dutch lithography is made evident to English readers every Christmas, when children's books printed over the water come to them. Two beautiful specimens of what can be done by the



A FANTASY.—G. GUILLAUME ROGER.
EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY.

not certain of his method, he poured out splendid works, not so much because he had acquired maturity of power, as because it was necessary for him even then to do fine things finely. Later on, as his vision became more composed and his ripeness was reached, you find to what heights this magnificent genius climbed, shedding as he went all superfluity, and concentrating himself upon that which was absolutely essential to the high thought and imagination that possessed him. Thus you pass from "The Shipbuilder and his Wife" to such a canvas as "A Gentleman with a Hawk," and, finally, to the rich splendours of the portrait of the painter himself, painted in 1658, and now in the possession of Lord Ilchester.

In regard to this wonderful work, I may be permitted to quote the fine rhetoric—which does not, however, err on the side of exaggeration—recently penned by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson. "Nothing in art," says he, "seems tragic beside this picture; nothing pierces the spirit with a pathos so poignant, and braces it at the same time with so grave a grandeur, with an energy of sadness so savage and, so proud, excepting always a few slow movements from the sonatas of Beethoven. This portrait might well be marked *appassionata*. When we recall those sonorous sounds whose weighty thunder drums us along the irresistible march of Beethoven's passion, we can fancy the spiritual relation of their momentous progress to the passages of deep fulgurous colour and rugged but impetuous impasto in Rembrandt's colossal portrait. This old, poor, and probably dirty man did himself in a Jew's dress that he might get

Dutch will be found in the Christmas number of the *Anglo-Dutchman*, a twopenny weekly printed in English at Amsterdam. One, in colours, is called "A Child of Nature," and represents a typical little Dutch damsel. The other is a monochrome study, "On the Dunes." Both are by Herr H. J. Havermann.

Mr. G. Guillaume Roger's "A Fantasy," which was exhibited at the New Gallery, is reproduced in these columns. It is exactly what it claims to be, and is a brilliant piece of work in every way, in drawing, in light, in composition, and in movement.

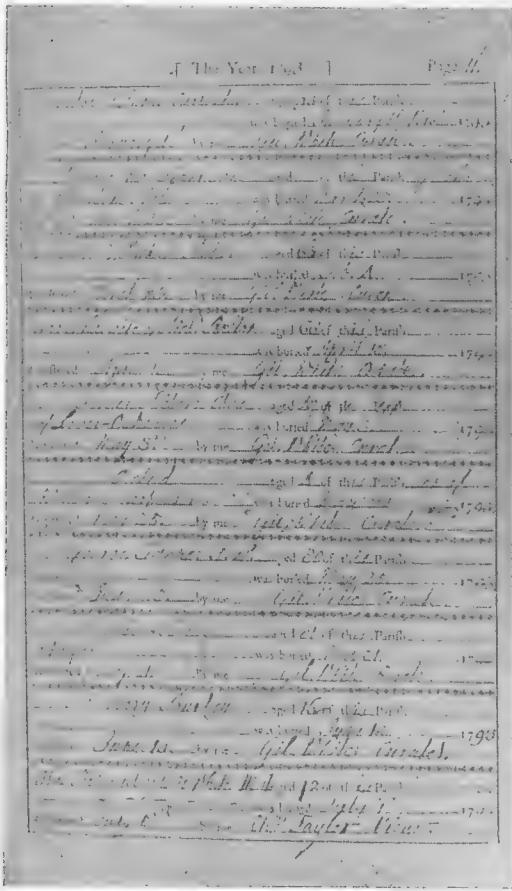
French artists are casting about to devise some means of protecting themselves against fraudulent imitations of their works sold, it is said, by the dozen to collectors, American and others, as genuine. There are scores of more or less talented painters in Paris who are unable to find any other outlet for their ability but that of copying pictures by recognised masters, past and present. After a little cunning manipulation by the dealers, the copies are undistinguishable by any but the most experienced eyes from the originals, and are duly accorded places of honour in the collections for which they are purchased. The proposition has been made that a system of stamping all genuine works, in a similar manner to that for the stamping of gold articles, should be adopted. As a critic, however, very pertinently asks, what guarantee is there that the stamp itself will not be imitated, in which case confusion will only be worse confounded?

GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE.

WHAT HE DID, AND WHY POSTERITY LOVES HIM.

By the letter of the law, Selborne belongs to Lord Selborne and other landowners; by the gavelkind of genius it belongs to Gilbert White. Born here, nurtured here, pastor here, died here, buried here—such is the record of his simple history. The village is permeated with his presence still; his footprints may be traced through the length and breadth of the parish.

It is a feasible theory that Selborne itself is responsible for what Gilbert White was and did. Environment is a persistent moulder of character. "Selborne," says Frank Buckland, "was a big birdcage in which White himself was enclosed even more than the birds." To-day it is a pilgrimage which only the earnest devotee thinks of making; there are five full miles between it and the nearest railway station. In White's time the village was even more effectually cut off from the outer world. Then the only approach was along those fearsome "hanging lanes" which, disused for many a year, still survive in a wild jungle condition as samples of the roads our forefathers traversed. Few were the visitors



A PAGE OF THE SELBORNE PARISH REGISTER IN GILBERT WHITE'S HANDWRITING.

coming and going; the inaccessibility of the parish was responsible for it becoming a nest of smugglers. White was driven to seek companionship among the fowls of the air.

Little change has come over Selborne during the hundred-odd years that have passed since Gilbert White's death. From the entrance to the village on the Alton Road to a hundred yards or so east of the house in which he lived the change would hardly be perceptible even to his keen eye. The old village-green—"vulgarly called the Plestor," says White—is unaltered save that the sycamore-tree in the centre has increased in girth with advancing years; Gilbert White's house, too, has enlarged its borders and taken on a slightly modern air, but it is not so refashioned that its former owner would be in danger of passing it even on the darkest night; many of those cottages in which the curate-naturalist took such excusable pride remain to shame the nineteenth-century spirit with their picturesque harmonies of half-timber and thatch; and the church itself is practically unchanged from the aspect it wore on that July day, more than a century ago, when the



SELBORNE CHURCH FROM "THE LYTHE."

beloved pastor of this old-world village was carried through its porch to his resting-place in the peaceful churchyard. Gilbert White's house and Gilbert White's church are naturally the chief foci of interest. Most pilgrims will turn to the house first, as being more intimately connected with the personal life of the man whose memory has brought them hither. It stands close to the village highway, and its rare picture of blended red-brick and green foliage might have moved the heart of Dr. Johnson to fall in love with rural life. But its chief beauties are hidden from the eyes of the passer-by, and beheld only by those who are favoured with permission to pass through the house and inspect it from the grounds in the rear. These grounds are kept with fine taste and skill, and in much the same contour as in White's time. On the farthest verge of the lawn still stands the naturalist's sun-dial; over in the meadow is the shivering aspen he planted; and here on the right is a wall he built, with "G. W., 1761," still clearly legible on a small tablet embedded among the bricks. Then there is his "favourite walk," a long, narrow pathway of bricks, leading from the house for several hundred feet in the direction of the wooded hill known as "The Hanger." For several years the house has been in the possession of Mr. Parkin, a gentleman who, with rare self-denial, is ever willing to open his doors to the reasonable pilgrim. And this not without having suffered experiences which would have justified him in keeping them tightly shut. While the house was being put into order for the family's incoming, a parson had the ill grace to lead a party of twenty-five equally boorish companions on a wild romp through the private rooms, and one day a cyclist of fine intelligence rang the bell to ask, "Would you



GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE AT SELBORNE.
From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

mind me riding my bicycle along Gilbert White's path?" "Yes, I should," promptly replied Mr. Parkin; "and the sooner you ride it off the better pleased I shall be."

One of the principal curiosities of the village owes its existence to Gilbert White. Towards the eastern end of "The Hanger" there is a wide gap in the dense beechen foliage with which the hill is clothed, and here a pathway has been cut up to the summit in the form of a continuous row of letter V's laid sideways, thus . It is called "The Zigzag," and White refers to its cutting in his third letter to Mr. Thomas Pennant. The path, which had become dangerous, was re-made last year by Mr. Parkin, and at the same time a careful measurement showed it to be a quarter of a mile in length, equal to three times the distance straight up the hill. Further east still along the village street may be seen a very utilitarian memorial to White. On an iron door built into a wall by the roadside there may be read this inscription: "This water supply was given to Selborne by voluntary subscriptions in memory of Gilbert White, 1894." From inside that iron door comes the ceaseless thud of the ram by which the water is forced up into the reservoir from which the village is supplied. No one can find fault with such a practical memorial, but it seems a pity the Selborne people did not give its outward and visible form a more picturesque embodiment.

On the way back to the church let a pause be made at the vicarage, where the Rev. Arthur Kaye will produce the old parish register in which White made so many entries. If it is opened in the middle of the year 1793, it will reveal the page which has been reproduced by the camera. This page will serve as well as any to illustrate the clear, honest penmanship of the naturalist, and it possesses the additional interest of bearing the record of his own death and burial. Moreover, it corrects a blunder common with most writers about White. By the majority he is described as "Vicar" of Selborne, but his own oft-repeated signature shows that he was never more than curate.

Selborne Church is seen to the most advantage from a steep pasture to the east of the building, called "The Lythe." (The parish has a vocabulary of its own, due, in White's opinion, to the persistence of the



TABLET TO GILBERT WHITE IN SELBORNE CHURCH.

names are inscribed in the volume kept at the hotel—those of Professor Huxley, Lord Napier and Ettrick, and John Burroughs being of the number. Some visitors have delivered themselves of opinions as to what should be done to White's resting-place; Mr. Frederic Harrison expressing the hope that on his next visit to Selborne he may find "some attention has been given to the grave and headstone of Gilbert White." Is Mr. Harrison also among the Philistines who pine for a "modern memorial"?



GILBERT WHITE'S GRAVE.



GILBERT WHITE'S SUN-DIAL.



MEMORIAL TO GILBERT WHITE.



MR. ESMOND AND HIS WIFE (MISS EVA MOORE) AS D'ARTAGNAN AND GABRIELLE
IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE GARRICK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBUSY STREET, S.W.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE POACHER.

The shooting season that will soon draw to a close marks more unmistakably than any of its immediate predecessors the triumph of the poacher. He has terrorised whole districts; he has spoilt a great deal of shooting by the judicious use of drag-nets, ditch-nets, and the other impedimenta of his class; he has promoted the circulation of the halfpenny evening papers by perpetrating singularly atrocious murders, and added considerably to the list of those condemned at the various Courts of Assize to hang by the neck until they are dead. As the law stands, it should be more than strong enough to deal with the poacher; it is perhaps interesting to inquire into the causes of its failure. The bad recrudescence of poaching threatens to bring whole districts into disrepute, and shooting acquaintances from different parts of the country have agreed with the conclusions I now present.

For some years a change has come over the class from which smaller landowners are drawn. Whether we charge the Corn Law Abolition Acts with the change, or whether we attribute it to the growing prosperity of the country that allows so many townsmen to become

common nets, a "pal" or two, a good dog, and a fine night—given all these things, and they are not hard to find, his road to success is clear before him. There may be one or two men on the land—farm-labourers, and so on—who might talk; throw them a brace of birds and a few rabbits from time to time, meet them at the ale-house and stand them some drink; if none of this will do, threaten. Such is the procedure that turns your idle loafer into a dangerous poacher ever sighing for fresh fields to conquer. It is not difficult to dispose of game, at rather less than the market-price, without having inconvenient questions asked; and, curious though it may seem, the poacher, when he has been long at his work, resents intrusion upon the scene of his labours as something that the law should not permit.

Here, of course, is the lighter side of the picture; the other side is a very dark one. The poacher, after serving an apprenticeship to rough shootings, turns his hand to higher things, and ventures boldly upon well-preserved lands. He creates a reign of terror; many a keeper prefers a shut mouth to a broken head. Night-poaching becomes the pastime, and the penalty for trespassing in pursuit of game by night and armed is from seven to fourteen years' penal servitude, or hard labour for



MISS KATE RORKE AS ANNE OF AUSTRIA IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE GARRICK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

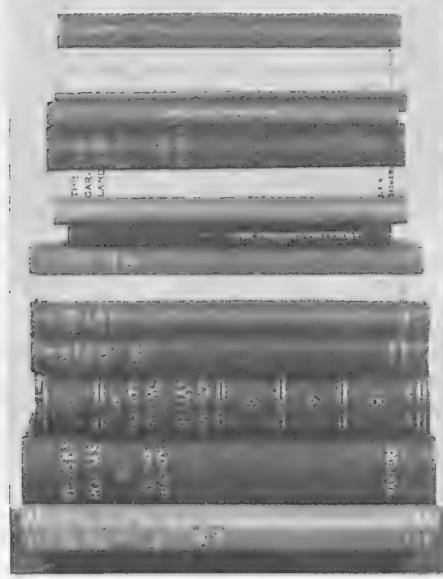
landowners, the result is the same. The old gentleman who shot partridges over pointers, and would have laughed a "drive" to scorn, is dead, and has left no heirs to his sporting habits. Shooting is no longer the conservative pastime it was; new men own the land, and regard the sport not as a recreation so much as an asset. All round London, for example, and as far away as Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire, which the spirited policy of the Great Eastern Railway is opening up, there are small shootings to let. In extent they vary from three hundred to three thousand acres, and include from one to half-a-dozen farms. The farmer gets from one to three shillings per acre, and in some parts of the country gets as much as half of his rent back thereby. The shooting-tenants are usually professional or business men, who can devote only the week-ends to their favourite sport, and so there are tens of thousands of acres in the home counties lying unprotected for more than half the week. The landlord looks only after the rent; he leaves the tenant to do his own preserving. The consequences are soon apparent. Village loafers, idlers, and ne'er-do-wells start by sending their dogs through the ditches after a rabbit, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. Within a few weeks the loafer finds a glorious vista opening before him. Unprotected land of which he knows every nook and corner, an indifferent landlord, an absent tenant, a few

a term not exceeding three years. Consequently, when gamekeepers and armed poachers meet, the latter must fight or run away. It is an unfortunate fact that they are usually primed for their work; they have taken as much beer or spirits as they can carry; they are more ready to fight than to run. Moreover, they are usually three to one, and have probably tried to tamper with the keeper and met with no success.

If I am right in my conjecture, the indifference of men who habitually let their shooting to the interest of their tenants is multiplying poachers very rapidly, and in this connection it is worthy of note that the law does not permit a man who has the shooting rights over land, his keepers, or assistants, to apprehend anybody poaching by night; only the occupier or owner of the land can do this. Doubtless, many readers rent shootings, large or small, and when the present season is at an end will be either renewing their holdings or looking for others. If they have suffered from the depredations of poachers, they will do well to get a written assurance of co-operation from their landlords before they sign for the next shooting season. It is likely, if the present bad state of things continues, that the Legislature will have to step in and modify the existing regulations. Perhaps, if the severity of the laws against night-poaching were mitigated, there would be fewer men ready to risk the rope to escape from the consequences of their theft. S. L. B.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.*

The minor poetry of the present day—including, as it does, all the poetry that is now written—is in some respects very hopeful, in others depressing. It is generally sincere, painstaking, meritorious, and technically good; but inspiration is greatly to seek. Both these



MOUNT PARNASSUS.

and justice of the war in question; as to the facts of it there is, unhappily, no doubt possible. The raw, armed rabble of the Hellenes may be leniently judged for bolting incontinently when the veteran Evzones were spent; but that it did bolt, and not once only, no man can deny.

Mr. Watson is the nearest approach in our list to a considerable poet; but he is marked off from greatness, firstly, by the inconsiderable bulk of his work; secondly, by a tendency to draw his inspiration rather from books than from life; and thirdly, by an uneasy self-consciousness and self-distrust, which leads him to apologise for his own poetry, and prefer to criticise that of others instead of creating original work. He has poems on Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Burns, and other poets. Now all this is, for the most part, very well done, but it marks a very obvious limitation when a bard's best work is a series of verse-essays on previous bards. If our poets followed this example, they would reproduce the well-known characteristic of the Scilly Islanders, and eke out a precarious living by writing metrical essays on one another's—what? Where Mr. William Watson is really delightful is in his short lyrics, which have an exquisite and personal quality of their own; these will live when his political sonnets and eloquent blank verse are forgotten.

Mr. John Davidson, more prolific, comes up with a fresh volume. "The Last Ballad," as the first poem is called, is, characteristically enough, followed by another ballad. It is of Lancelot and his madness, and how he is recalled to sanity of a sort by his son Galahad, and goes seeking the Grail, yet sees nothing but the vision of Guinevere. The vision of Guinevere aforesaid is contained in seven quatrains, which are printed twice in the course of the poem. Would it not be better to say *Da capo*? For the rest, Mr. Davidson is strenuous and unconventional, and also undisciplined. It is the misfortune of his Muse that she varies abruptly from royal magnificence to slipshod commonness. For sheer awkwardness and perversity, it would be hard to beat this preposterous mixture of metaphor—

It [a cloud] made a conquest of the sun,
And tied his beams; but, in the game
Of hoodman-blind, the rack, outdone,
Beheld the brilliant captive claim
Forfeit on forfeit, as he pressed
The mountains to his burning breast.

The sun is a rubicund gentleman playing blindman's buff, and the clouds blindfold him; but, in spite of this, he contrives to catch and kiss the young lady mountains. It is an ingenious simile, and for sheer badness can hardly be matched since Lord Byron compared an Alpine thunderstorm (was it not?) to "the light of a dark eye in Woman."

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the American poet, is, like most cultured Americans, penetrated with the charm of "England and Yesterday," the fragrant savour of antiquity which we miss because we have always lived in it. Unfortunately, she has evidently formed her sonnet style on the dangerous model of Rossetti. His often laboured

* "The Collected Poems of William Watson" (John Lane); "The Last Ballad, and Other Poems," by John Davidson (John Lane); "England and Yesterday," by Louise Imogen Guiney (Grant Richards); "Stray Verses," by H. J. S. Bailey (Elliot Stock); "Second Book of London Visions," by Laurence Binyon (Elkin Mathews); "The Song of the Golden Bough, and Other Poems," by Caryl Battersby (Constable); "The Nativity in Art and Song," by W. H. Jewitt (Elliot Stock); "The Silence of Love," by Edmund Holmes (John Lane); "The Soul's Departure, and Other Poems," by Edward Willmore (T. Fisher Unwin); "The Song of Stradella, and Other Songs," by Anna Gannon (Lippincott); "The Garland of New Poetry," by Various Authors (Elkin Mathews); "Some Verses," by Helen Hay (Duckworth); "Edmund," by Albert L. Carpenter (Elliot Stock); "Love Triumphant: A Song of Hope," by William Bedford (Elliot Stock); "Singsings Through the Dark," by Dora M. Montefiore (Samson Low, Marston, and Co.); "Charmides; or, Oxford Twenty Years Ago," by Gascoigne Mackie (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford); "The Coming of Spring, and Other Poems," by J. A. (G. Bryan and Co.); "A Jester's Jingles," by F. Raymond Coulson (Skeffington and Son).

preciosity of phrase becomes in her intricately allusive poems a sort of *curiosa infelicitas*, as when she describes a London particular—

Like bodiless water passing in a sigh,
Through palsied streets the fatal shadows flow,
And in their sharp disastrous undertow
Suck in the morning sun, and all the sky.

Now the epithet "sharp," by a sort of miracle, is in all its significances the word most inappropriate to a fog or an undertow, either of which must necessarily be fluid, vague, and gradual. Furthermore, while in a sonnet it is always hard to make all the rhymes of the octave sound natural and necessary, Miss Guiney sometimes accomplishes the contrary miracle of making all the eight seem far-fetched and unnatural. Her lyrics are far more free and pleasing.

Of the "Stray Verses" of Mr., or, I rather fancy, Miss, H. J. S. Bailey, there is nothing ill to say, and nothing much of any sort. They are not at all badly written, but there is an entire absence of distinction. Also the rhymes are not impeccable—

I am but a breath—
I am dawn;
I see the morn
Underneath.

I do, and I am very sorry indeed to see "morn" underneath "dawn," and could have wished that "underneath" was not fabled to rhyme with "breath."

Mr. Laurence Binyon in his little pamphlet of "London Visions," second series, has achieved the one thing needful, distinction. His few pages are studded with lines that remember themselves. There are roughnesses of rhyme and lapses of metre, but there is in the main something said, and a new way of saying it. He has an individual note. So, too, has Mr. Caryl Battersby, though in a more straightforward and usual style. His "Song of the Golden Bough" is a striking, virile rendering of the story of—

The priest that slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

There is a strength and sureness about his verse that is refreshing. It is not ambitious, but it suffices. His words are not remarkable, but they are the right words. Mr. Battersby should go far, but not in future, I hope, by putting only three lines on a page, as he does sometimes.

Mr. W. H. Jewitt has collected for Christmas a number of poems and songs on the Nativity of Christ. There are not many carols, the book aiming rather at giving a selection of the best and most familiar sacred poems, with introductions and brief notes. The reproductions of pictures of the Nativity, in outline, are rather rough and sketchy. Mr. Edmond Holmes is original again, or strives to be. "Love's Silence" is silent in fifty Shaksperian sonnets, which ought not to be called sonnets at all. They are not bad, but are absolutely without individuality. Mr. Edward Willmore has achieved originality in the title-poem of his "Soul's Departure" by writing it in prose of a rhythmical character, something like Anglo-Saxon verse without the alliteration. The rhymed poems are better, but not quite good enough.

Miss Anna Gannon is another American poet writing partly in England. Her "Song of Stradella" is a narrative of how a bandit was hired by an enemy to murder a great singer, heard him sing, and forthwith gave up his designs. Stradella must have been an exceptional tenor. The short lyrics are better, some of them really musical, and all pleasant; but Miss Gannon is a little too fond of quotation in her verses. Mr. Laurence Binyon turns up again in "The Garland"—a small volume by eight bards. The lyrics are nearly all good, though one or two a little too ambitious. Mr. Victor Plarr is patriotic and vigorous, and "Anodos" weird and wizard, and both very nearly "get there." Yet another female poet, Miss Helen Hay—American, I have an idea—writes very prettily little lyrics about day and night and other things, chiefly meteorological. Her sonnets are too much broken-up. They are punctuated with dashes; and it may be broadly stated as a maxim that a sonnet with dashes in it is all wrong, unless the dashes are all wrong. Miss Hay, like our own poets, suffers from the lack of anything particular to write about. "Edmund," by Albert L. Carpenter, is described with perfect accuracy as "a metrical tale." It is in blank verse, and quite short. "Love Triumphant," by William Bedford, is in the metre of "In Memoriam," and bears a superficial resemblance to that work. Unfortunately, the likeness does not go below the surface. Mr. Bedford's quatrains are not badly written, but they are "glimpses into the obvious." Miss Dora Montefiore calls her book "Singsings Through the Dark." She expresses emphasis by italics, and loves

To clip the smaller parts of speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur.

These things are wrong. So is the scheme of her sonnets. So is the calling of the Queen "you" and "thou" in one stanza.

"Charmides; or, Oxford Twenty Years Ago," is Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's elegy on college days and a dead college-friend. It is in a curious series of sixteen-line bits of blank verse, looking something like sonnets before you read them. It is gracefully written, but not remarkable. "The Coming of Spring," by "J. A.," also hailing from Oxford, is, as its title imports, chiefly about the weather.

Last comes the Jester with his Jingles. Mr. Raymond Coulson is not a great writer, but he has genuine humour. He knows what he means, and can express it in plain language. Though not a "C. S. C." or an "O. S.," he is up to the average of *Punch*, and a bit over. He is not bad at parody; but he seems to think that Rudyard Kipling wrote the words of "Tommy Atkins." Which is not the case.—MARMITON.



[Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.]

MISS HELOISE TITCOMBE.

She was for a while in "The Belle of New York," and afterwards made her début as a solo singer and dancer at the Palace Theatre, where you may now see her.

A "CATTLE QUEEN."

Mrs. Nat Collins, of Montana, is a great "Cattle Queen," and presents a picturesque figure of the rare and perfect Western type which is so fast making way for a new order of things. She is the product of the conditions which prevailed in the Far West on the great plains many years ago, and the history of this woman's stirring, eventful life reads like a thrilling novel.



A "CATTLE QUEEN."

Mrs. Collins owns a vast cattle ranch near Choteau, a little settlement in Montana, and she is sixty-five miles from the nearest town, Great Falls, and the settlement of Choteau is twenty-five miles from her ranch, so that she is as remotely located as if she did not live in a great, stirring country of railroads and swift mails. She raises thousands of cattle, and, every year, ships car-loads of them to the Chicago market, accompanying them herself and making her sales personally; she is said to be the sharpest "salesperson" in the business. This year she brought a whole train of cars, thirty-two carriages in all. There were six cowboys from her ranch attending the cattle.

Only a little of Mrs. Collins's romantic career can be told here, but enough can be given to show what her life has been. Mrs. Collins is now five-and-fifty years of age, and she is more active and vigorous than most women of twenty. She is a tireless worker, and has that nervous temperament which must find employment to give the mind rest. Her Western experience began when she was ten years old, and, ever since, she has belonged to the great West and the windy prairies. She went through Denver, Colorado, when that superb great city contained only one log-hut and a few tents to show that it was a settlement at all. Years before she was twenty she had already made ten trips across the plains between Omaha and Denver, acting in the capacity of cook in the waggon-train of which her brother was waggon-master.

When mining began to boom in the West, the spirit of adventure seized this woman, and she set out for the great mining-fields of Montana just as they were opening up. She visited Bannock and many other mining settlements of the early days, and she was the very first white woman in Virginia City. She was at what is now the great city of Helena before such a place was even thought of, and she was there when the town was staked out and named, and it was at Helena, in later years, that she was married to Nat Collins, a well-known and wealthy miner. This was thirty years ago, and, soon after, the young couple left the mining-camps and went into the wild northern part of Montana and established themselves in the stock-raising business, Mr. Collins putting in the money and Mrs. Collins the brains, energy, and push.

They began their ranch-life with four hundred and fifty head of stock. The animals were turned loose upon the plains and allowed to increase as rapidly as they would under the conditions, and to-day Mrs. Collins cannot estimate the vast numbers of cattle that she possesses. No effort is made on her part to have them counted—it would be impossible. Each year she has as many rounded up as she cares to ship to the market, and the others are left unmolested to roam over the plains.

This woman has well earned her odd title of "Cattle Queen," for she has larger cattle interests than anyone in the North-West, man or woman, and her success has been entirely due to her own energy and efforts. She has had to fight a great many difficulties, because of the fact that she is a woman. When she began to ship her stock to the Eastern market, she found herself confronted by railway rules and regulations which expressly stated that no woman could ride in the cabooses attached to the stock-trains. She immediately put in a protest, and, as the agent could give her no satisfaction, she carried the matter to the Division Superintendent. That official found himself also powerless to aid her, and, finally, the persistent woman applied directly and personally to the President of the Great Northern Railroad. The President also refused her the desired permission, but, by so doing, he raised such a storm of indignation among the ranchmen and cattlemen of Montana, and received such an avalanche of protesting and angry letters from these men demanding that he accord the customary privileges of the road to Mrs. Collins, that he was nearly distracted. He determined not to give in, however; but then threats came, the writers declaring that, if all rights and privileges were not at once given to Mrs. Collins, all the principal cattlemen of the West would boycott him, and refuse to ship another hoof over his road. Mrs. Collins got her pass at once, and has had no difficulty since. To-day she is the only woman so favoured.

Mrs. Collins, in spite of her ranch duties and the cares of her great wealth, has time on her hands, and she recently visited the new mining region near St. Mary's, Lake Montana, and purchased a great tract of land, which she has just laid out into town-sites, and will found a town to be called Collins City. It is on the banks of the lake, rich in copper.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The glorious campaign in the Soudan, crowned by the rout of the Khalifa, threatens eclipse of memory of the brilliant defeat of the tribes that harassed the frontier of North-Western India. The story of an arduous, plucky conquest over tremendous physical obstacles and a brave foe is told with skill and verve by Colonel Hutchinson in "The Campaign in Tirah" (Macmillan), but, as it repeats well-known facts, perhaps his book may have more abiding value as an honest attempt to understand the serious misconceptions which led fanatical tribes to an aggressive warfare under fear of loss of their independence. One would like, what one fears officialdom will prevent—the honest opinion of experts on a "forward policy" which, thus far, seems to have strained the resources, without adding to the security, of our Indian Empire.

If any Philistines who have never been to Bayreuth, and never wanted to go, glance at Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Perfect Wagnerite" (Richards), they will discover that Wagnerism turns out even more dangerous than was generally supposed. Probably they will add that they always guessed as much. There is also a pretty numerous band of earnest-minded persons, to whom music is a matter of supreme indifference, who, after perusal of the book for the first time, will look on the "Ring" with interest, just as, a generation ago, the great mass of reading folks in England fell under the delusion that pictorial art was a matter of concern to them, because Ruskin used the great pictures of the world as object-lessons in morals. The real Wagnerites—I do not mean the "perfect" ones, but those who venerate the master's name for music's sake, and who love his presentation of the old legends—will be furious, I should think, with Mr. Shaw. For his Commentary on the "Ring of the Nibelungs" is a handbook of Socialism for the present day. I have not the least quarrel with Mr. Shaw's Socialism; he expresses most admirable views, which one must wish were widely shared and carried into effect. And Wagner's revolutionary enthusiasm was, of course, a fact. That the general tendency of the poem is revolutionary—at least, that it sympathetically represents a revolution—cannot be doubted; but still, one may brave Mr. Shaw's scorn and hold he is doing with Wagner's text what other fanatics of every age have done with the Scriptures. It does not seem very extravagant on his part to claim that he knows more of the significance of the Cycle than did the composer himself. What is the use of a commentator if he does not guess, and shrewdly guess, meanings in a work of art which the artist for the life of him could not have expressed? But, when Mr. Shaw, on the defensive, tells us that an allegory is "never quite consistent except when it is written by someone without dramatic faculty, in which case it is unreadable," he is confessing that he has fitted the inconsistencies to his plan, that he has filled up gaps to make the vague general *tendenz*-drama into a complete thesis for the perfect citizen.

His evident scorn of the idea that the artist "simply borrowed an idle tale from an old saga to make an opera-book with," I cannot echo. An idle tale from an old saga, if the spirit of poetry be breathed into it, is quite good enough to make an opera-book with; and I should esteem Wagner a good deal less comprehensible as a poet if he had cumbrously tried to clothe such very elaborate nineteenth-century ideals as Mr. Shaw presents with the garments of pre-human time and prehistoric Germany. Vaguer, simpler modern ideals were, of course, in his mind.

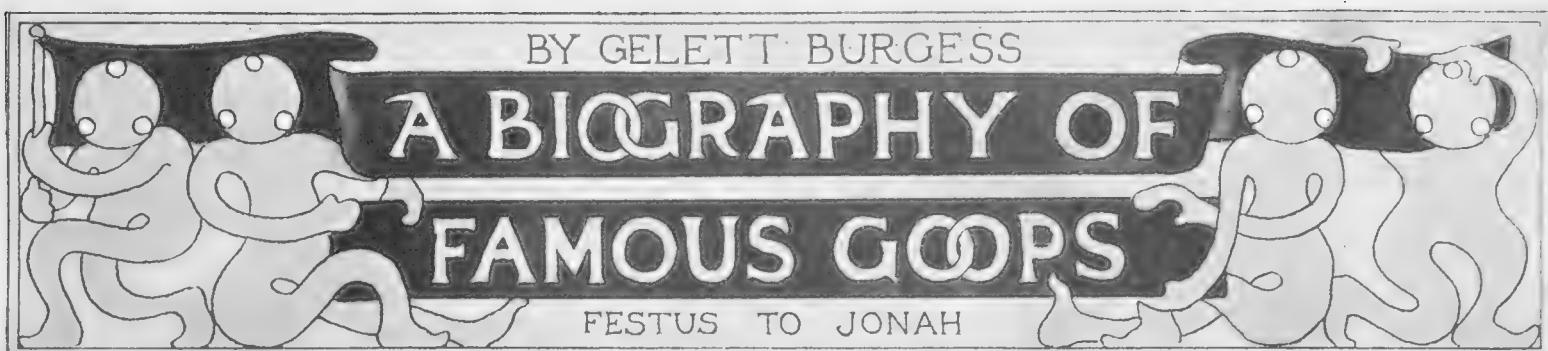
But, nevertheless, the commentator has done the dramas a very great service; he has attached some kind of meaning to passages that, to many minds, had none at all before. Very likely these are but shrewd guesses, not Wagner's notions at all, but they are clearly stated in an orderly fashion; and in the light of them the "Ring" is, not quite accurately, but quite coherently, translated. That is a great thing. Many persons, hitherto forced to fall back for enjoyment and admiration on the supreme beauty of the music, have still been haunted by the possibility of an evident or a possible moral intention, since without such the dramatic narrative would be inanely dark and purposeless. Now let them comfortably accept Mr. Bernard Shaw's, tell themselves it is the key to all difficulties, then stow it away, forget it, and abandon themselves to the delights of the music, which their intellectual consciences have not hitherto allowed them to do in peace.

o. o.

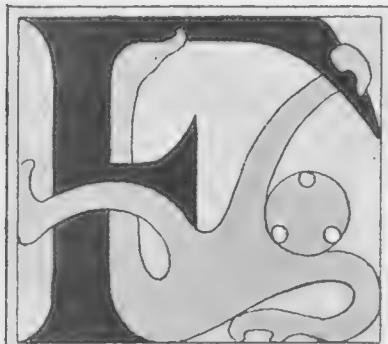
Apropos of the "Literary Lounger's" review of the novel "When Love is Kind," the author (Mr. H. A. Hinkson) writes me as follows—

Your critic takes exception to my use of the word "antiquarian." If he will consult Mauder, 1845, or Johnson, he will, I think, find the word used in the sense that I have used it. Moreover, Lewis and Short give "Antiquarius, one who is fond of or employs himself about antiquities, an *antiquarian*, *antiquary*"; and, again, "Antiquaria, a female *antiquarian*." These authorities are good enough for me.

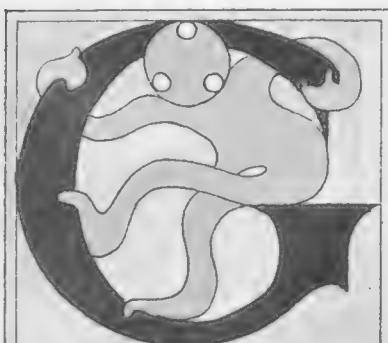
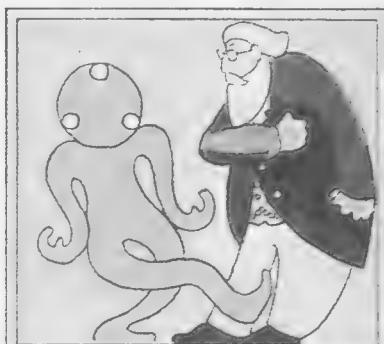
My critic's point was entirely one of preference. "Antiquary" is so obviously the more elegant form that he believed Mr. Hinkson wrote "antiquarian" in haste, and not after consulting Johnson, and Mauder, 1845. Lewis and Short, by the way, are Latin, not English, lexicographers, and can hardly be cited as authorities in this instance. The citation, however, of the Latin *Antiquarius*, which has this sense of a student of antiquities, makes for the superiority of the simpler derivative "antiquary." Dr. Funk, again, gives *Antiquarian* = an antiquary; but he nowhere gives "Antiquary" as = an antiquarian. He reserves his definition, too, for the heading "Antiquary," defining "antiquarian" fully only in its adjectival sense. "Antiquary," as noun, it is needless to remark, enjoys the classic preference of Scott.



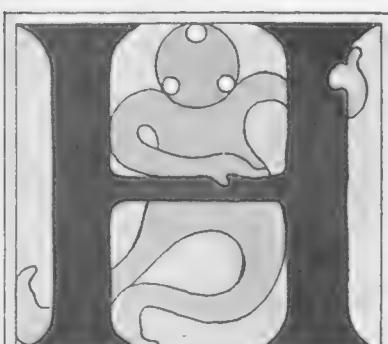
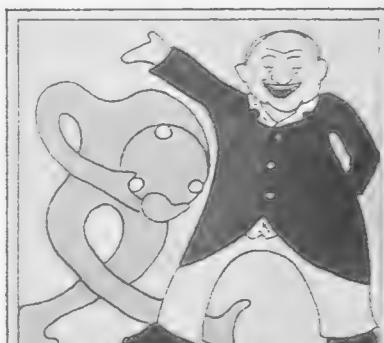
BY GELETT BURGESS
A BIOGRAPHY OF
FAMOUS GOOPS
 FESTUS TO JONAH



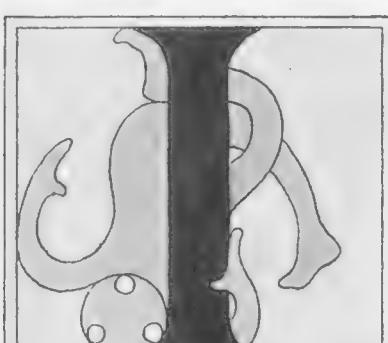
When FESTUS was but Four Years Old
 His Parents seldom had to Scold,
 They never called him FESTUS DON'T!
 He never Whined, and said "I Won't!"
Yet it was Sad to See him Dine,
His Table Manners were not Fine!



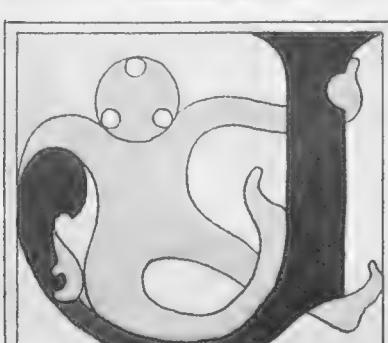
GAMALIEL took Peculiar Pride
 In making Others Satisfied.
 One Time I asked him for his Head;
 "Why, Certainly!" GAMALIEL said.
 He was Too Generous, in Fact—
But Bravery he wholly Lacked!



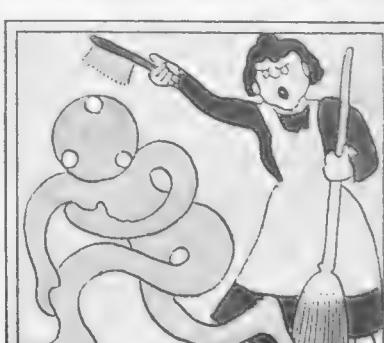
HAZAEEL was (at least he Said
 He was) exceedingly Well Bred.
 Forbidden Sweets he would not Touch,
 Though he should Want them Very Much;
But, oh! Imagination Fails
To quite Describe his Finger Nails!



How Interesting ISAAC Seemed!
 He never Fibbed, he seldom Screamed;
 His Company was Quite a Treat
 To all the Children on the Street.
But Nurse has told me of his Wrath
When he was made to Take a Bath!



Just Think of JONAH, when you're Bad,
 Think what a Happy Way he had
 Of saying "Thank You," "if you Please,"
 "Excuse me, Sir," and words like These;
Still, he was Human, like them All,
His Muddy Footprints tracked the Hall.



A STATELY HOME OF ENGLAND THAT IS IN RUINS.

The late Earl of Winchilsea possessed one of the finest specimens of the Renaissance. Kirby Hall, in Northamptonshire, was built in 1572-1575, by Sir Humphrey Stafford, whose motto, "Je seray



PORCH TO BANQUETING-HALL, KIRBY HALL.

Photo by E. Broughton, Bedford.

loyal," and the date 1572, are to be seen over the porch of the great hall, and on some of the panels of the parapet one notes the inscription, "Hum Fre Sta fard." But he did not long enjoy this stately home, nor did it descend to his family, for we read that "it was sold to Sir Christopher Hatton." This Sir Christopher's successor, following the fashion of the day, employed Inigo Jones, the English Palladio, in 1640 to re-decorate the exterior, and we see, on the north side of the spacious courtyard that occupies the centre of the building, his work and that of John Thorpe blended by time into a harmonious whole. The arcade, pilasters, and cornices date from the earlier period, and the windows, chimneys, and attic storey form part of the later embellishments. There is less trace of Inigo Jones's handiwork on the opposite side of the courtyard, only the window over the porch and the side-door being his.

Through this porch a short passage leads into the banqueting-hall, with its musicians' gallery, from whence issued soothing strains that helped to calm the angry passions of bygone revellers, or the merry tunes to which the light feet of the dancers in the room below kept time. Good living, good-fellowship, good times were these; but, alas for the frailty of earthly things, a change has come to this once beautiful mansion: the oak panelling has been torn from its walls; at the approach of a stranger, rats scuttle away through holes in the worm-eaten boards; and the decorations hang in festoons from the ceiling.

Towards the middle of this century the owner of Kirby abandoned it for a newer and more commodious house, and left it to solitude and destruction. The oak wainscoting was carried off to ornament many a house in the neighbourhood, and its very stones were used to mend the roads.

When the late Earl of Winchilsea, whose death at the early age of forty-seven is to be deeply deplored, inherited the property, his first thought was to preserve this home of his ancestors from complete ruin, and he did what was absolutely necessary to keep Kirby from falling to pieces. It was his intention, if ever "his ship came in," to restore it to its old splendour. But "man proposes, God disposes"; never now can he carry this dream of his life into execution.

The unglazed windows, the skeleton walls, the nettle-decked passages, are in strange contrast to the really magnificent architecture that in many places is little spoilt by time and neglect. A few rooms in the building are still habitable, and there a caretaker lives and makes tea for the tourist who loves to visit the "Homes of England." In the large drawing-room, with its huge bay-windows, it is a not uncommon sight to see a picnic-luncheon laid out upon the floor where once spindleg-legged furniture stood on which were seated the powder-headed courtiers, as they paid their addresses to the be-jewelled and be-satined damsels of long ago!

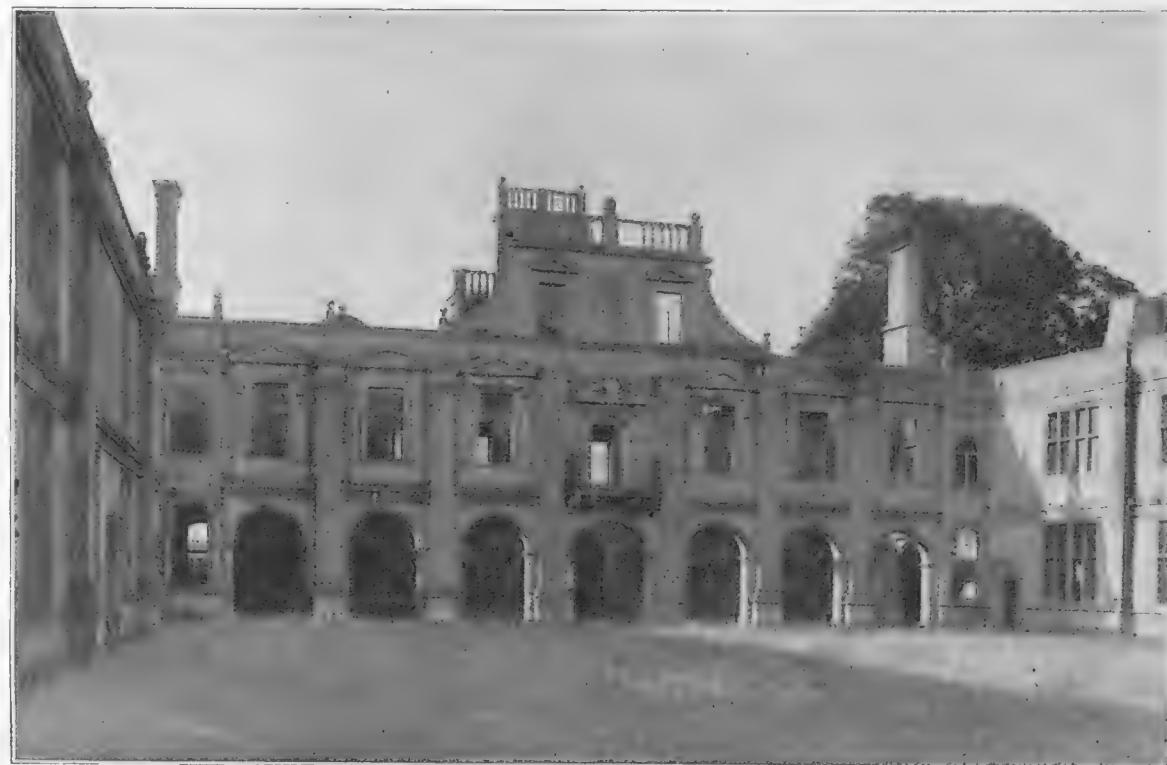
May the day soon dawn that will see men hard at work restoring this lovely specimen of the Renaissance, which it were a sin to leave longer to ruin and decay!

EDITH BROUGHTON.

"CHISELLING."

I give some pictures of the farce "Chiselling," as it was played on Sept. 26 at Quetta by amateurs of the Baluchistan Volunteer Dramatic Club. The occasion was a Volunteer variety entertainment, the place "The Border Theatre," Quetta. An excellent musical programme occupied the first part of the show, then the curtain rose on the farce, which told how Mr. Larkspur, an impecunious sculptor, loved a Miss Kate Norton, niece of Dr. Stonerop. The Doctor, a would-be critic, promises Larkspur Miss Norton's hand if he can carve a statue which shall be up to the Doctor's ideal. Larkspur buys a plaster cast of Alexander the Great, and hopes to pass this off on the short-sighted critic; but, just before the private view, the sculptor's landlady breaks the image. Thence confusion.

But Larkspur is equal, so far, to the occasion, and dresses up his servant Trotter to impersonate the statue. Trotter gets drunk and nearly ruins everything, but Stonerop is imposed upon and all ends happily. Mr. Bremner, as Larkspur, bore the brunt of the action; Mr. Arnold, as Trotter, was an immense success (*vide the Baluchistan Gazette*); Miss Wainwright was pretty and artistic as Kate; while Messrs. Lett and Cooper were great fun as the Doctor and the Landlady. A second performance had to be given. Half the proceeds were given to the Soldiers' Home, an institution which the journal in question takes occasion to criticise severely on the other side of the page which lauds the performance of "Chiselling." Newspaper cuttings are sometimes so funny, when one turns them over.



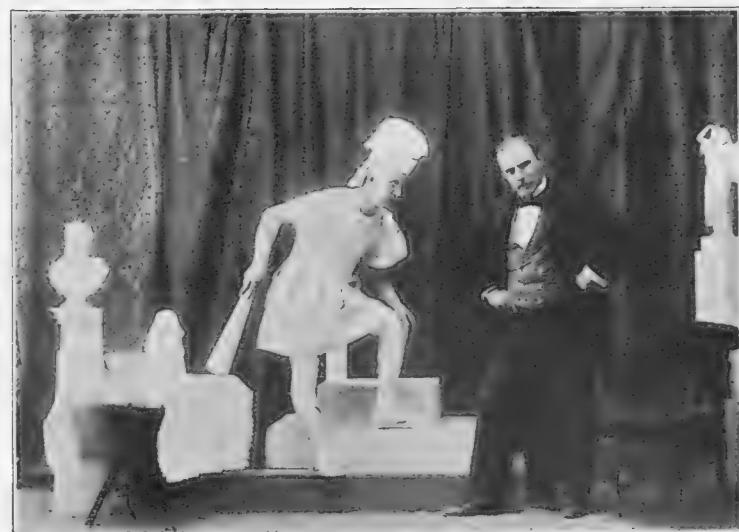
NORTH SIDE OF THE COURTYARD AT KIRBY HALL.

Photo by E. Broughton, Bedford.

"CHISELLING," AS PLAYED BY AMATEURS AT QUETTA.

From Photographs by Bremner, Quetta.

LARKSPUR: *Trotter, would you like to be Alexander the Great?*
 TROTTER: *Which, Sir, the original or the one in the dustbin?*



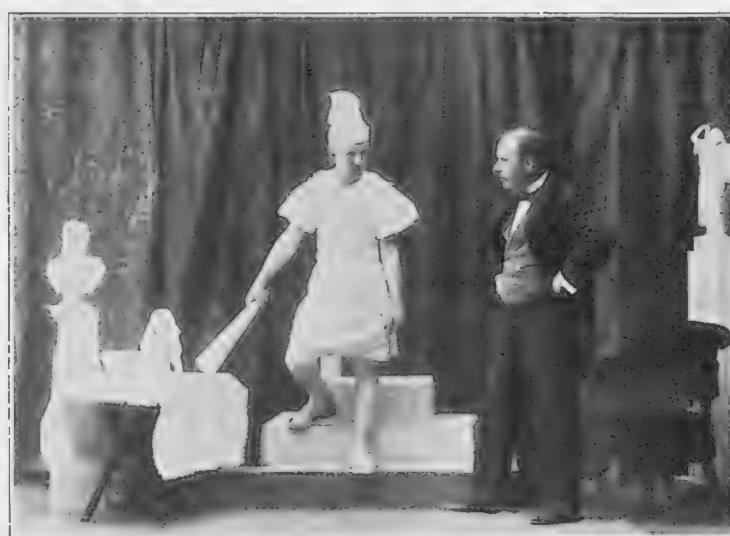
TROTTER: *Don't forget the bird's-eye and the drop of Cooper!*



KATE: *Oh, you wicked young man, to deceive my guardian so! I've a good mind to knock this right into your heart.* LARKSPUR: *Don't; you'll spoil it!*
 KATE: *What, your heart?* LARKSPUR: *No, the chisel!*



MRS. PIPER: *Mercy! Mercy! Who are you?*
 TROTTER: *I am Alexander's mighty shade.*



TROTTER: *May I come down, Sir?*
 LARKSPUR: *Mind you don't crack your surface!*



TROTTER, the Statue, gives himself away by getting drunk.

FISHERS OF MEN.

Ah, yes, the river! A glorious spot for lovers! And what a capital adjunct angling is to boating, particularly when the prey is a heart, and a pretty face the bait.

The dear girl was dying for a picnic on the water, when the handsome male she had selected in her mind's eye to escort her offered to take all



FISHERS OF MEN.

three of them, the beauty and her two sisters, to pass half-a-day on some greensward or other lapped by the rippling stream.

She would rather have gone with him alone, naturally; rather have had the nice fellow all to herself, to row her up against the current, while she sat facing him, a rope in each hand, guiding the craft on its way, setting her companion's head on the whirl the while with her sparkling prattle and the glister of her beaming eyes.

There is nothing like two in a boat for a good, genuine flirtation. The victim, a scull in each fist, cannot possibly get away, and both he and his tyrant know it. He is riveted to his sliding-seat, obliged to remain there and pull, or rest on his sculls, and in either case suffer the influence of his charming tormentor's dangerous fire. No doubt he likes it—he would not be a man were it otherwise—but he is not unaware he is playing with live embers, that the pleasure he experiences is fraught with peril for the liberty he so much prizes. He will have a hard time in resisting the siege, in fighting that battle of love in which young hearts are prone to be so impetuous, and, should he come out of the struggle scathless, he is a man of strong character. Girls generally have all the advantage in these encounters, which is, perhaps, the reason why our gay cavalier preferred going four rather than two in a boat.

On the beauty's part, it would hardly have been decorous, at such an early stage in the acquaintance, to have run off on so prolonged a *tête-à-tête*, and so far, all alone with a man, however nice he might be, and however innocent the errand they were on. So she consented to make one of a party. No doubt, she would be able to get him to herself, and try the effect of her art on him, with a good result, before they were at the end of the journey. Trust her for that!

See, he has rowed them up stream, under the willows. It is now a question of shipping the rudder, of fastening the wherry to land, of transferring the luncheon from boat to verdant bank; and she, like a helpful, obliging girl, hastens to his aid. How devoted she looks, stooping down, carefully holding the craft in shore! Presently, perhaps,



HOOKED.

she will assist him to remove that little parcel which seems so troublesome. Little wonder if their hands happen to meet; and, if so, why should they not clasp?

No fear of her sisters interfering. They have been too well-schooled for that. Moreover, sisters generally play fair in matters of the heart, unless the prize be a particularly big one. For the moment they are

simply seated there as baits for other men. Who knows? Somebody may come along and nibble, if nothing more; and we all understand what nibbling may lead to. One of them is on the serious tack. It very often tells. She has laid aside her hat, maybe to enjoy the breeze, or to display her pretty curls, and is intent on the perusal of some letter or love-story. The other, in the bows, perhaps the chaperon of the party, is content to sit still and do nothing, beyond casting an occasional furtive glance on the interesting couple astern.

Ah! I thought so. She has got him alone at last, in a delightful nook amid the foliage at the riverside. Her sisters have taken themselves off for a stroll in the meadow, so as to give her every chance. Just now he is busy with his pipe, but he will look up at her presently. And then!

See what a tempting bait she is, as she stands beside him with her arms akimbo, in that delicious white-duck jupe, that natty Bolero jacket, with the frill of a cambric blouse peeping out in front, and a simple white straw hat encircled with a bit of plum-coloured velvet! Notice the daintily shod little foot protruding from under the hem of her skirt.

It is only natural he should bite. And when, on some future occasion, he is firmly hooked, and she has him for life, all to herself, observe how kindly he takes to it. What a pretty picture they make, seated there together, hand in hand, in the wherry, beneath the rustling leaves of that overhanging branch, where our artist has surprised them and snapped them off!

EDWARD VIZETELLY.

TWELFTH DAY.

Last Friday (Jan. 6) was Twelfth Day, and Shakspere's sub-title to his famous play is not perhaps inappropriately added, for it is known not only as Twelfth Day, but as Old Christmas Day, the Epiphany, and as the Feast of the Kings. Of the customs at one time prevalent all

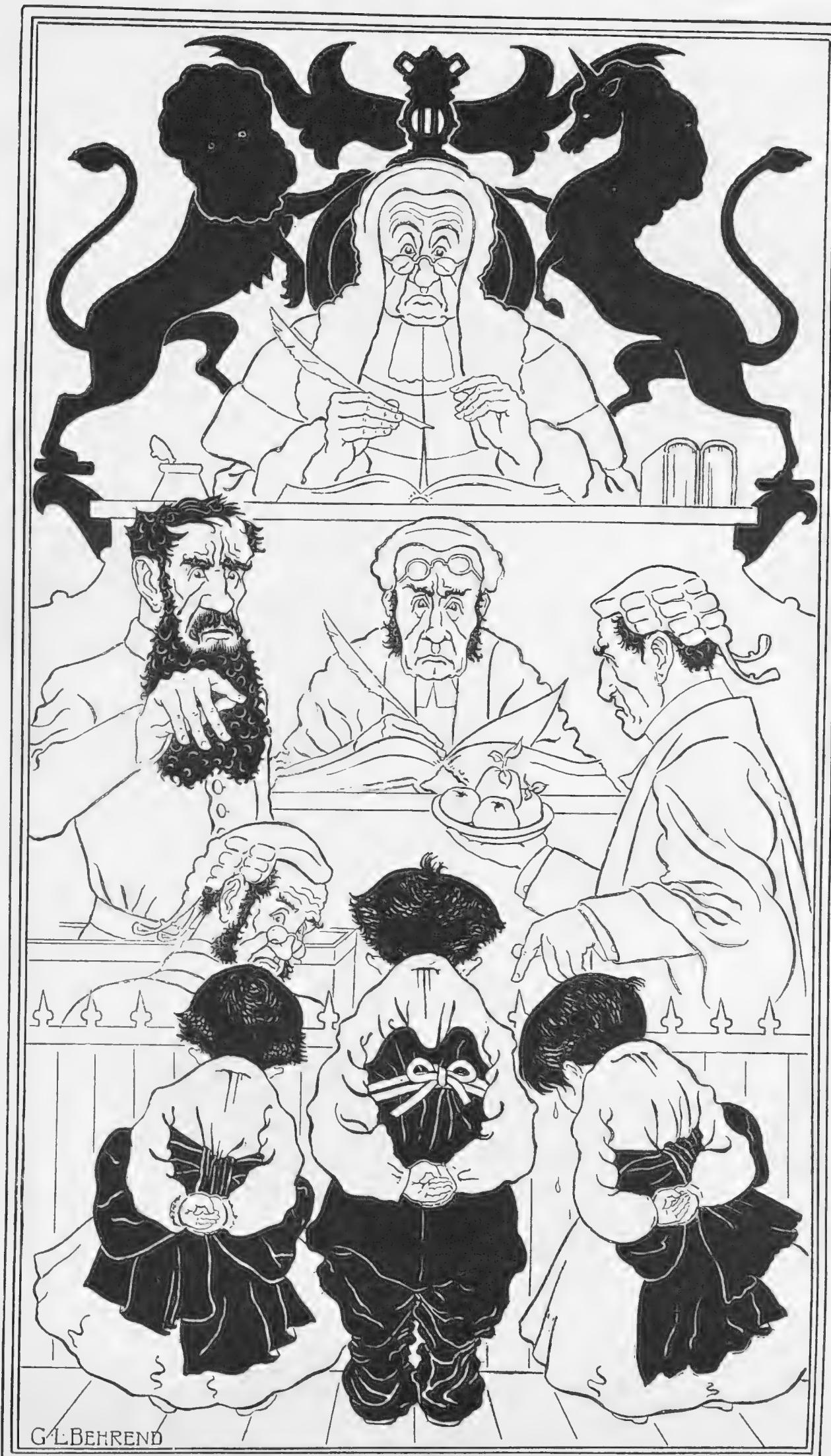


A TEMPTING BAIT.

over the country on this particular day but few survive. The rendering of honour to the Magi by the offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh on the part of the Monarch is a custom still observed, but with shorn rites indeed. Since the time of George III. the personal attendance of the Sovereign has been discontinued. The old Twelfth Day festival called the "Election of Kings by Beans" has long been a thing of the past; and the cutting-up of Twelfth Cakes, and the Twelfth Night characters, lotteries, masques, charades, and so on, which some of us can doubtless remember in our childish days, find now no general observance.

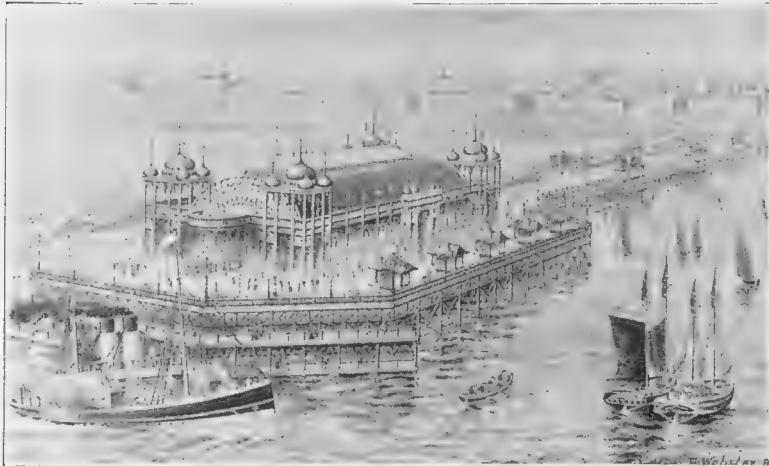
Formerly, the London confectioners' shops were, on this day, entirely filled with Twelfth Cakes, costing from several guineas to a few shillings, and the shops were illuminated and decorated with transparencies and huge cakes in all sorts of fantastic shapes. One of the most celebrated displays was that of Birch's, in Cornhill, probably the oldest shop of its class in London. This shop, which still retains much of its old-world decoration and character, and which is known to every City man, and famous for its turtle and its punch, was established by a Mr. Horton in the reign of George I. Mr. Samuel Birch, who afterwards owned it, was Lord Mayor in Waterloo year. He was a confectioner of literary proclivities, who wrote poetry and dramas and annually presented the Mansion House with a magnificent cake. The Twelfth Cake festival still survives at Old Drury, where the cake provided by Baddeley, the comedian (who had been cook to Foote), is still cut, with all sorts of splendid accessories invented by the late Sir Augustus Harris. Most Twelfth Day and Night recollections are associated with revels and social delights, but England has one terribly mournful memory in connection with that day in the annals of her Indian Empire. It was on Jan. 6, 1842, that General Elphinstone, with his army, began that precipitate and disastrous retreat from Cabul which ended on the 13th of that month, when the garrison of Jellalabad saw a single man approaching their walls, mounted on a wretched pony, on whose neck he hung exhausted. This was Dr. Bryden, the only survivor of the force which left Cabul a brief week before. All had been butchered, made prisoners, or died of cold and exposure.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BRIGHTON'S NEW PIER AND MARINE PALACE.

On May 1 next Brightonians will be in possession of a new jetty, to take the place of the famous old Chain Pier, which was washed away in a gale a couple of years ago. A few yards west of where the Chain Pier used to stand, close to the Aquarium, and exactly opposite the Old Steyn, there is nearing completion an undertaking of considerable interest.



THE DESIGN OF THE COMPLETE PIER, SHOWING THE MARINE PALACE AND LANDING-PLACE FOR STEAMBOATS.

The "Brighton Marine Palace and Pier" is to comprise a promenade pier, a pavilion that will hold two thousand persons and resemble in the elaborateness of its arrangements the Kursaals of the Continent, reading-rooms, dining-rooms, and bathing-boxes, and a landing-stage for large and small vessels. One of the features of the pier will be a series of ornamental arches for electric illumination purposes. But of greatest practical importance will be the landing-stage. This is to be constructed (as shown in the illustration) to accommodate vessels in different positions, according to the state of the wind; and, as there will always be a depth of at least 12 ft. 6 in. of water, even at lowest spring-tide, vessels will be able to touch the pier under every condition of wind and tide. Probably a new Continental traffic will be organised in connection with these facilities.

The portion to be opened to the public in May next will extend only as far as the commencement of the pier-head—1500 feet. The pier-head and palace will still remain to be built, and that part of the work will occupy another twelve months. As a matter of fact, the completion of the whole undertaking falls due next August, and the pier company will have to go to Parliament for powers to extend the period of their operations. At the same time, they will ask to be allowed to purchase and work steamboats for Continental and local traffic, and to lay down a pier tramway, if it is thought desirable. The work has been contracted for by Mr. John Howard, A.I.C.E., of Victoria Street, whose name is associated with a number of important undertakings; Mr. R. St. George Moore, M.I.C.E., is the company's engineer, while Messrs. Hart, Son, and Peard, of Drury Lane, have erected the toll-houses and other pier buildings.

Some of the figures connected with the undertaking are worth recording. The entire structure will cover an area of $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres. There are no less than $85\frac{1}{2}$ miles of planking and decking to be employed, so that, if all the timber beams were placed in one continuous straight line, they would extend from Brighton to London, and from London again to Henley-on-Thames. If the tie-rods and struts were similarly stretched out, they would reach from London to Pinner, while the girders and iron-rolled joists would just connect St. Pancras and Hendon. The entire pier and palace will cost £105,000, and the palace alone £16,000.

Not less interesting is the history of the undertaking and its connection with the old Chain Pier which it replaces. When the Chain Pier was washed away on Dec. 4, 1896, it had stood seventy-three years. A reference to the Chain Pier calls up memories of Brighton in the former half of this century, when Colonel Eld filled the post of M.C. at this watering-place, and Henry Ratty acquired local celebrity as a toll-taker. The pier was then the centre of fashion, and many were the occasions on which it was visited and used by royalty. William IV. and Queen Adelaide (then the Duke and Duchess of Clarence) disembarked at the pier-head on their return from Dieppe. Queen Victoria paid it an official visit in the first year of her reign, and she and the Prince Consort used it on two occasions when they were crossing to and from the Continent.

But in the second half of this century the tide of fashion commenced to flow westward. The West Pier was opened in 1866. This detracted not a little from the popularity of the older structure, which found a more serious rival still in the Aquarium, opened in 1871. So, bit by bit, the Chain Pier was shorn of its old-time glories. Its attractions grew fewer and fewer, it became obsolete, was allowed to fall into neglect, and had been closed to the public long before the storm which wrecked it a couple of years ago.

Already, in 1888, Mr. Howard promoted a Bill in Parliament with the object of purchasing the Chain Pier and erecting another structure

on its site. While the Bill was passing through Parliament, the Brighton Corporation arranged to give the new pier company the site of their present pier in exchange for that of the old one. The Bill received the royal assent, £30,000 worth of capital was raised, and the works were commenced towards the end of 1891. Then disputes arose which caused the undertaking to be laid aside for a time. Work was resumed in 1896, but the following year it came to a standstill again, owing to want of funds. To make matters worse, the great gale on Dec. 4, 1896, not only washed away the Chain Pier itself, but, in doing so, damaged the Electric Railway and the West Pier, so that the new pier company, besides losing its property, sustained a series of actions which drove it into liquidation. To save the position, Mr. Howard came forward, took over the entire obligations, and found the necessary capital for completing the work. Since then the undertaking has been pushed forward with great energy. It used to be a standing joke with Brightonians, who have seen it delayed by so many interruptions and misfortunes, that this was the longest pier in the world, because one could never see the end of it. The end is now in sight. At the same time, Brighton's East Pier may claim to be, if not the longest in the world, the longest *promenade* jetty on the South Coast.

M. A.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Oh, when I wake up in my bed,
And see the sun rise round and red,
I'm glad to have another day
For all my different kinds of play.

There are so many things to do
That really make a man of you,
If grown-ups didn't get so vexed
And "wonder what you will do next"!

I often wonder whether *they*
Ever made up my kinds of play;
Or if they were as good as gold,
And always did as they were told.

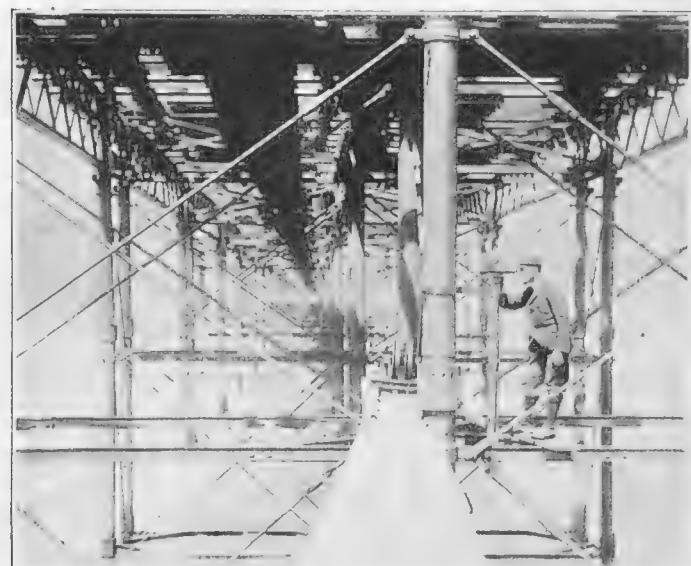
They like you best to play with tops,
And toys in boxes, bought in shops;
They do not even know the names
Of really interesting games.

They will not let you play with fire,
Or trip your sister up with wire;
They grudge the tea-tray for a drum,
Or booby-traps when callers come.

They don't like fishing (and it's true
You sometimes soak a suit or two);
They look on fireworks (though they're dry)
With quite a disapproving eye.

They do not understand the way
To get the most out of the day;
They do not know how hunger feels,
Nor what you need between your meals.

And when you're sent to bed at night,
They're happy, but they're not polite:
For through the door you hear them say
"He's done *his* mischief for the day!"



BENEATH THE PIER.
Photo by Fry, Brighton.

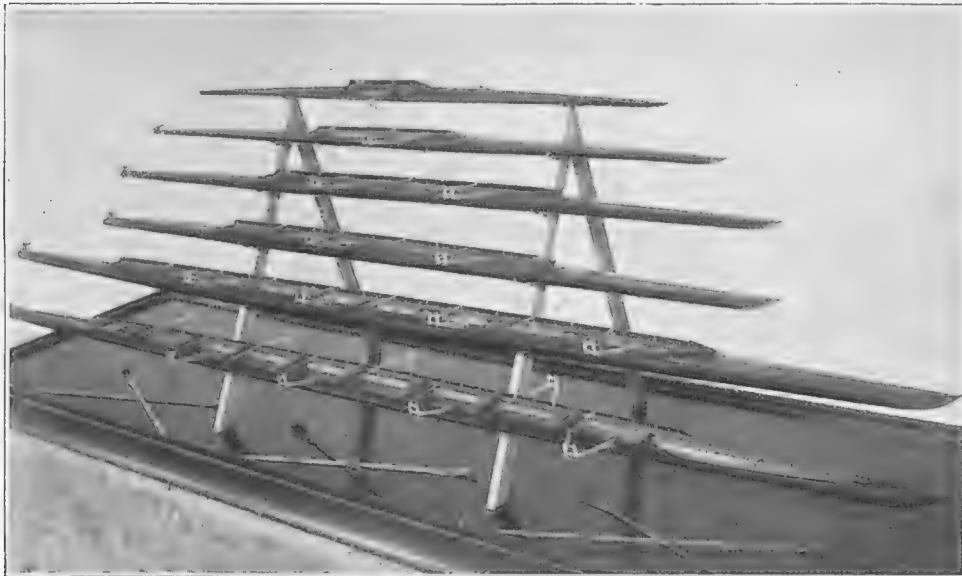


THE PIGEONS' PATRONS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. W. HOOTON.

BOAT MODELS.

Here are some beautifully built models of boats. One picture shows a sculling-boat fitted with sliding-seat and swivels, as used for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, Wingfield Sculls at Putney, and all championship races; a racing pair-oar, fitted with sliding-seats and rudder, the latter being worked by the feet of the bow oarsman, as used for the Goblets



MODELS OF RACING-BOATS.

at Henley and the Champion Pair at all regattas; a racing four without coxswain, fitted with sliding-seats, the rudder being worked by the feet of the bow oarsman, as used for the Stewards' Cup at Henley, Champion Fours at the Metropolitan, International, and most other regattas; a racing four, to carry a coxswain, fitted with sliding-seats, now used for all the junior races at all regattas on the Thames; a racing eight, fitted with sliding-seats, as used by the Oxford and Cambridge crews for the 'Varsity Race, for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, Champion Eights at the Metropolitan, International, and most other regattas; tub eight with fixed seats, as used by the above crews at the commencement of practice, and for all club races for junior oarsmen.

The other picture represents models of a canoe for river navigation, a pleasure-gig with all its fittings, capable of carrying four persons, used on most English rivers; a pleasure-skiff and all its fittings, capable of carrying eight or ten persons, used on all English rivers.

These extraordinary, perfect models are the work of Mr. W. H. Biffen, of the firm of Chetham, Sons, and Biffen, Boatbuilders, Bedford, and are unique in that they are *built* accurately to scale—the racing-boats $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to the foot, the pleasure-boats $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to the foot—instead of being carved out of the solid wood, as is the case with other models.

It seems almost incredible that a man whose hands were accustomed to the rough labour of boatbuilding should be able to manipulate the slender framework and the many infinitesimal pieces required to form these exquisitely constructed models. "It often took an hour or so before my fingers got used to the neat handling of such delicate work, and all the spare time I had for it was after the business of the day was over—between eight and twelve o'clock at night," are the words in which Mr. Biffen described the difficulties he had to overcome.

Thus, during the winter evenings of 1872 and 1873, was he busily employed planning, measuring, cutting, joining, and the result is beyond all praise—perfect finish, the firm riveting of every plank and thwart, each detail carefully worked out and made in miniature, not a bolt or pin out of place, no fault to find anywhere! Well may the maker be proud of this his handiwork, and of the well-deserved admiration that has attended it.

These models were shown at Leighton Buzzard Exhibition in 1875, where they won two first prizes, one for the racing-boats and one for the pleasure-boats. Again they carried off first prize—a silver medal—in 1876 at a Cambridge exhibition, and in 1878 they got an honourable mention at the Paris Exhibition; first prize at the Exhibition in Cork 1883, and first prize at the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1884, since which time Mr. Biffen has rested on his laurels, and kept his models at home—a pity, as far as others are concerned, who may thus be debarred from an interesting and uncommon sight.

This accomplished man had the honour of being appointed Waterman to the Queen, July 14, 1876, for his perfect knowledge of the navigation of the Thames, and was presented with the Jubilee medal, September 1897. He was stroke of the Champion Fours at the Thames regattas of 1872-73-74. He won with G. Hammerton the Champion Pairs on the Thames, 1871, and with H. Thomas the same race in 1874.

E. B.

CURIOSITIES OF (JOURNEY-WORK) LITERATURE.

Early in the 'sixties I was sitting at home, at 21, Colebrooke Row, Islington, opposite Charles Lamb's famous tenement on the bank of the New River, when a letter and a parcel came from the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, W. M. Thackeray, which required immediate attention. I was connected with the magazine; I had been described by the great editor at the inaugural dinner as "one of the regular cabs on the stand," and I was known to be a "ready writer." The letter drew my attention to certain illustrations in the parcel which had been prepared for the *Cornhill* by a very distinguished artist, who also wrote some accompanying letterpress which was not sent to me. The artist's pen was not considered by Thackeray to be equal to his pencil, and I was asked to "write up" to these pictures generally, but to take Covent Garden Market first and to send in my "copy" with all possible speed, as time was pressing. I accepted the task, and, instead of going to bed, I walked down to Covent Garden Market and spent the night there. I saw the market-carts coming in, I mixed with the market-people, I had a drop of "early purl" at a market-house licensed to open at 2 a.m., and I refreshed my memory about a place that I knew as well as I knew my own mother. At daybreak I walked quietly back to Islington, had an early breakfast, and by midday had finished my woodcut-inspired article for my honoured master. I believe he was satisfied with my journey-work. It was inserted at once, and in a few days I saw a good portion of it quoted in the editorial columns of the *Times* newspaper.

Ten years elapsed, as they say in the play-bill of an Adelphi drama, when a book was published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, written and compiled

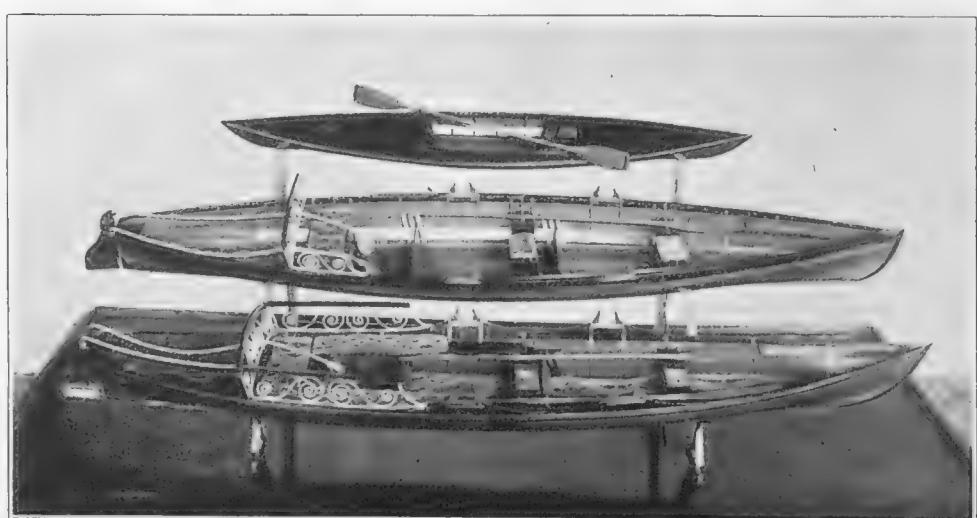
by Mr. John Timbs, called "Clubs and Club Life in London." I opened the book at a chapter headed "The Garrick Club," of which I had just been elected a member. Ten years before, Thackeray, with his usual kindness, offered to put me up for membership at this club, but I told him I could not afford the entrance-fee and subscription at that particular moment.

The chapter headed "The Garrick Club," on page 218 of the book, begins thus: "Mr. Thackeray was a hearty lover of London, and has left us many evidences of his sincerity. He greatly favoured Covent Garden, of which he has painted this clever picture, sketched from 'the Garden,' where are annually paid for fruits and vegetables some three millions sterling." Then follows this quotation, without mentioning the *Cornhill Magazine*—

The two great National Theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other, a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdotes and history; an arcade, often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral-aisle; a rich cluster of brown old taverns, one of them filled with the counterfeit presentment of many actors long since silent, who scowl or smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old pictures, old painters, and old authors; a place, beyond all places, one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight; a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which peeps in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a withered bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk; a squat building, with a hundred columns and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other on the footways—such is Covent Garden Market, with some of its surrounding features.

This is a quotation from the *Cornhill* journey-work article written by me, which Mr. Timbs has attributed to one of the greatest masters of the English language.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.



MODELS OF PLEASURE-BOATS.

TEDDY RIGHTON.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

RIGHTON.—On January 1, at his address, 22, Gloucester Place, W.. Mr. Edward Righton. Friends, kindly accept this as the only intimation.

He always reminded me of J. L. Hatton's song, "The Merry Little Fat Grey Man," and there was ever a Charles Dickensy suggestion about this small, plump, apple-faced, and excellent actor. When I looked at him I seemed to see before me one of the Cheeryble Brothers. The last time I saw him was but a few months ago, on the Fort at Margate. He had hustled into a fruiterer's shop at the corner to buy something consoling for a sick friend, just what a Cheeryble would have done, and I promptly buttonholed Teddy Righton, who was a mine of information.

At that time it was the intention of Sir Henry Irving to produce Shakspere's "Richard II." at the Lyceum. I am one of the very few who saw the play at the Princess's Theatre, under the rule of Charles Kean, and have never forgotten to this hour the introduced tableau of the triumphant Bolingbroke and the dejected King, both mounted on horseback and riding through a beautifully painted bit of Old London. At that time I was a mere spectator in the pit, but Teddy Righton and David James, both boys, were "supers" in that wonderfully natural crowd, quite as good in point of action and movement as the highly praised staccato crowds in the Saxe-Meiningen and Beerbohm Tree versions of "Julius Cæsar." Teddy told me how



MR. RIGHTON AS MR. TODMAN,
The Bloomsbury Bookseller, in "Liberty Hall."

Charles Kean taught the crowd on that memorable Shaksperian occasion. He divided the "supers" into groups, and gave them little domestic scenes to enact—a flirting wife, an attentive lover, a jealous husband, all in one group; a couple of misers in another, with a greedy old woman. Squabbles, joy, sorrow, hilarity were all exhibited. But Charles Kean did more than that to give nature and animation to his crowds. He gave to each young supernumerary boy or girl an actual part to study, a part written out, with real dialogue to learn. "Imagine my delight," said Righton to me, "when I had my first part to study on the stage! Scores of my companions had no words given to them. But I had a part in a brown-paper cover. I looked in Shakspere, and could not find one line like it in the text. But what did it matter? There were the words, there was the part, and it was mine. Rehearsal after rehearsal we all shouted out the text and enjoyed ourselves amazingly. But, alas! when the last rehearsal came we were ordered to be dumb. No more words, no more text, nothing but pure pantomime. So that my companions, over whom I had crowded so cockily, got the laugh over me. I had to sing small indeed."

I imagine that Teddy Righton's very first appearance even before the Sadler's Wells days was with Samuel Phelps in "The Stranger," and as the boy in "William Tell" he was at a children's entertainment known as "The Living Marionettes," which was held at the Linwood Gallery, Savile House, Leicester Square, which I saw burned to the ground, sitting half the night on the top of a four-wheeled cab. His companions on that occasion were Fred Vokes, Joseph Irving (the celebrated Uriah Heep), Harry Cox, and, if I mistake not, Willie Edouin. Every one of this child company became famous. The troupe must not be confounded with "The Living Miniatures," who appeared at the Haymarket as late as 1866, all trained by Mr. Coe, the stage-manager.

Righton's monologues at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park in 1861 I well remember, for at that time I lived in Albany Street, opposite the stage-door of that defunct and dreary establishment. The first time he came prominently before the public was, however, in W. S. Gilbert's play "Randal's Thumb." This was at the opening of the Court Theatre, known before as the Chelsea and the Belgrave Theatre. It had at one time been a Dissenting Chapel. The manageress was Marie Litton, and the proprietor Wybrow Robertson. In "Randal's Thumb," Righton played Joe Bangle in a cast that contained Miss Buxton, Frank Matthews, Mrs. Stephens, Kate Bishop, Maggie Brennan, William Belford, and Hermann Vezin. This was my criticism of Teddy: "Mr. Edward Righton, a Liverpool actor of renown, must be congratulated on his personation of the fussy little cock-sparrow of a Doctor." This led up to his enormous success in the political satire, "Happy Land," produced at the Court Theatre in 1873. It was written by F. Tomline, alias

W. S. Gilbert, and Gilbert A'Beckett, the brother of the distinguished Arthur A'Beckett, assistant-editor of *Punch*. Three characters were introduced, called respectively Ethais, Phyllon, and Lutin, and they were made up exactly like three prominent Ministers of the Cabinet—W. E. Gladstone, Robert Lowe, and Ayrton, a very popular representative of the Board of Works. The actors were Walter Fisher, the husband of Lottie Venne, W. J. Hill, the burly, rubicund comedian, and Teddy Righton. The satire created such excitement that the Lord Chamberlain stopped the performance, but it was resumed on the condition that the make-up of the Ministers should be abandoned. Like most fat men, Teddy Righton was an admirable dancer, literally as light as a feather. We have seldom had a more versatile comedian, but the performance I liked best was the essentially Dickens character in Mr. Carton's charming "Liberty Hall." Wherever he went, Teddy Righton was popular. He had at his command a fund of anecdote, and knew the stage by heart, from the days of Samuel Phelps to those of Cyril Maude and George Alexander.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

So far as a visit to half-a-dozen Christmastide entertainments enables me to judge, I am inclined to believe that the good Fairy of Simplicity has only succeeded in finding a hearing at the Crystal Palace. Everywhere else I find a very riot of topical songs, up-to-date allusions, low-comedians, "knockabouts," and people who treat the Queen's English with profound contempt, a very hurly-burly in which the old-fashioned child would look in vain for amusement calculated to suit its tender years and innocent mind. At Sydenham these flamboyant features are happily absent. Mirth and laughter are in plenty; vulgar fooling has no foothold. Wulff's Circus pays a third visit to Sydenham; there are more horses and more clowns than formerly. Mr. Wulff has one spectacle that has taken twelve months to rehearse; it is presented by a hundred horses, which he alone controls. Such a feat has never before been presented, and must be seen to be believed. The traditions of the *haute école* are well preserved by Mr. Wulff's young son, whose management of the Hungarian thoroughbred Malatanus is a delight to the eye. I have no space to deal with all the wonders of the Circus; suffice it that they are calculated to draw all London. Mr. Gillman has not been content to give his visitors a Circus, a Pony Hippodrome, a Marionette Show, and a giant *Punch and Judy*; he provides a fairy extravaganza called "Santa Claus," and this proves to be a dainty pantomime, with all the vulgarity usually deemed indispensable to such shows left out. Mrs. Tom Thumb and three other clever midgets are engaged, and their singing, dancing, and acting are excellent; but the triumph of the extravaganza falls to the Pratesi Troupe, who give a little pantomime play equal in its way to the best that London has seen. Giovanni Pratesi and Adelina Rossi—the names testify to the excellence of the work. It is a liberal education in the arts of pantomime to watch these clever artists, and yet the children, who come to be amused rather than educated, are delighted.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. RIGHTON.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Once more we have a clever play written by two actors. "My 'Soldier' Boy," of which Mr. Alfred Maltby and Mr. Frank Lindo are authors, may not be such a notable work of art as "The Elder Miss Blossom," which we owe to members of the profession, but it is a very fair specimen of boisterous farce, and causes plenty of hearty laughter at the Criterion Theatre. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is the soldier-boy who is not a soldier, but merely a lawyer, and students of acting can imagine how full is the fun when he is compelled to dress in a military uniform "a world too wide"—and a planet too long, as well—and mount a gee-gee to head a squadron of cavalry sent to disperse a body of rioters. You cannot arrive at such a position without a prodigious amount of fibbing, and when in addition is the fact that the soldier-boy has to deny his wedding, and, worse still, his better-half, it is clear that the leading parts are really played by Ananias and his helpmate. The brain almost whirls when thinking of the complications of such a farce, of the manœuvrings of the authors with algebraical formulae in order to keep the card-eastle, founded on lies, from tottering. The result of the efforts is that the new piece at the Criterion, even if it may have a few dull moments to act as *repoussoir*, is a lively, bewildering piece of pure fun, which the authors may well follow up with something rather more ambitious in style. A capital cast has been engaged, headed by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, one of the most popular and ingenious of our comedians. Miss Ellis Jeffreys does work of brilliance; Mr. Maltby plays with easy, confident humour; Mr. Roper Spyers acts skilfully; Miss Margaret Halstan agreeably, and Mr. A. E. George with a true sense of character.

"Little Miss Nobody" has been cut down a good deal, in order that there may be time during the evening for the appearance of Miss Loïe Fuller and her wonderful lighting contrivances. In listening to the abbreviated musical farce, which goes very merrily, one is disposed to ask whether, some day, pieces of this character may not begin at nine instead of eight, and so render needless the dull makeweight passages which mar most of them. Miss Fuller's exhibition is quite the most remarkable of its kind that has been presented to us. No doubt, regarded as a question of dancing, it is naught, but, as a matter of what one may call pyrotechniques, it is amazing and delightful. Language, save when wielded by the rare masters of words, is powerless even to suggest the wonderful effects of light and colour that are produced upon the abundant draperies of the performer. The flame-effect, when she stands still in what seems almost a burning, fiery furnace, is astounding; and when she almost disappears in the darkness, and huge gems of brilliantly coloured light, like precious stones cut *en cabochon*, float down and settle on her flowing garment, the eye is quite fascinated. The scoffer, perhaps, will smile at the shower of paper roses which descends upon her, but no one possessing even so much as the proverbial half an eye can refuse to admit that he has never seen anything of its kind so fascinating as her performance, considered as a whole.



AN ENGLISH ACTOR AND A KAFFIR.

The conscientious actress is always to be praised; when she is clever and pretty as well as conscientious, let her be praised very highly indeed. Miss Louie Pounds and her strange adventures on Boxing Day move me to this declaration. The charming actress who lent so much attractiveness



MISS LOUIE POUNDS.
Photo by E. Vernon Barker, Croydon.

to Daly's Theatre a year or two ago, and then helped "The French Maid" to stay so long on the Vaudeville stage, is at present to be seen and admired at the Grand Theatre, Croydon. Mr. Abud, who is now managing the house for a syndicate that took it over from Mr. George Edwardes, has produced "Little Red Riding Hood," and wisely engaged Miss Louie Pounds. Now the ride from London to Croydon is one demanding the full attention of all who undertake it. There is one station called West Croydon, and another that seems to be called East, New, or South Croydon according to the platform you alight upon. On Boxing Day the train that carried Miss Pounds, conscious of the great honour it enjoyed, and being perhaps scarce recovered from Christmas festivities, did not stop at Croydon at all, but carried her as far and as long as it could—to Three Bridges, in fact. While one cannot blame the train, one must sympathise with the actress, who found there was no train to Croydon for five or six hours, and was due at the theatre for the matinée within an hour. Not to be beaten, Miss Pounds chartered a special, left all the jewellery she was wearing with the station-master for security, and finally arrived at the theatre just in time to dress and go on. The people who applauded her performance never guessed how well she deserved their encouragement.

Miss Beverly Sitgreaves, who has been with the Herbert Flemming Company in South Africa, is back in London. She made a big "hit" as Stella de Gex, the French music-hall artist, in "His Excellency the Governor." Her French schooling made her accent perfect, and the abandon and *chic* necessary to such a part were portrayed to perfection. She was excellent, too, as Lena Despard in "As in a Looking-Glass;" Miss Sitgreaves is of American birth, and has acted with Mr. Richard Mansfield in New York. She came from the States to join Mrs. Langtry's company at the Grand Theatre as leading lady, playing Miss Stanford in "Gossip." She made a speciality of imitating Sarah Bernhardt as Doña Sol in "Hernani." The great Sarah, hearing of her clever performance, suggested she should go to Paris to study, which she did.

The George Edwardes-Wheeler Comedy Company has been doing big business at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg. "Lord and Lady Algy" drew crowded houses for three weeks. Mr. Frank Atherley's Lord Algy was excellent. Miss Eily Desmond, as Lady Algy, was charming. Mr. Welton Dale, whose photo, while conversing with a Kaffir at one of the mines, I give, made a big "hit" as the Duke of Droneborough. He is a clever comedian.

I hear that Mr. Wilson Barrett and company will shortly pay South Africa a visit, under the management of Mr. Frank De Jong, the popular lessee of the Opera House, Capetown.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 11, 5.13; Thursday, 5.14; Friday, 5.16; Saturday, 5.18; Sunday, 5.19; Monday, 5.21; Tuesday, 5.22.

The remarkable accident recently reported from Vanves should serve as a warning to all hot-headed and impetuous wheelmen. It seems that a youthful cyclist accidentally rode down an old lady who happened to be sauntering across the street with her son, whereupon the latter, becoming all at once filled with righteous indignation, rushed wildly at his



IN THE BOIS.
Photo by A. Anderson

mother's assailant, and, in order the better to check the ruffian's mad career, thrust a walking-stick through the quickly revolving wheel. Unfortunately, he received an unexpected hoist upon his own petard, for the stick sped round and knocked out its owner's right eye. Moral: Keep cool.

A correspondent writes from Suffolk—

As you have lately been writing about Acetylene gas, the following experience of mine may interest you. I was cycling homeward on New Year's Eve, with a charge of calcium carbide for my Acetylene-lamp wrapped in stout paper in my pocket, when torrents of rain overtook me. Soon I was drenched to the skin, and shortly afterwards I noticed an almost intolerable stench, issuing, I presently discovered, from the pocket containing the calcium carbide. About half a minute later I was nearly enveloped in thick steam, or smoke, which smelt for all the world like a decomposing corpse, and, if I had not quickly alighted and dragged the carbide out of my pocket and pitched it away, I truly believe that I should have been suffocated. Had I inadvertently lighted a match while the carbide was thus generating gas, presumably I should have been severely burned.

I have no comment to make upon the above letter beyond stating that any person so simple as to carry in his pocket calcium carbide wrapped in paper ought to be confined in some safe asylum.

All persons who have no conscientious objection to riding bicycles of a new colour would do well to consider the puddle-tinted machines which a Birmingham firm of manufacturers is about to place upon the market. The makers of these new bicycles maintain that many persons cycle only in very fine weather, because they dread being obliged to clean their machines when the latter become muddy, and they add that some persons have, for the same reason, entirely given up bicycling. Consequently, the makers in question affirm, a machine upon which dust and mud can hardly be noticed has become a necessity, and for that reason they expect that their new mud-coloured bicycles will command a very large sale. Long ago I pointed out in these columns the advisability of having bicycles covered with a light-coloured enamel for the very reason now set forth by the firm alluded to. Upon the same occasion, I strongly advised cycle-manufacturers to produce a bicycle entirely devoid of plating—in other words, painted all over—but, as yet, so far as I am aware, no maker has done so. A sound, well-made, and workmanlike machine so painted could be sold at a comparatively low price, and would probably be largely bought by drapers' assistants, bank-clerks, and working-men who want a serviceable bicycle but are not particular about its appearance. Of course, a bicycle built upon the lines suggested would need far less cleaning and elbow-grease than does the ordinary machine with plated hubs, cranks, steering-pillar, and handle-bar.

The irrepressible John Chinaman is making himself obnoxious as a cyclist in Shanghai. He evidently fancies himself as a trick-rider, and is anxious to show off his dexterity, regardless of the safety of the general public. An aggrieved resident wrote to one of the Shanghai papers, regretting that such things should be. He complains that young native scorchers ride at a reckless pace through the crowded streets with arms folded across the chest. He remarked one who was not only riding "hands off," but had actually taken off the handle-bar of his

machine and was holding it over his head! If a man chooses to make a fool of himself in this manner and runs into a brick wall, he has only himself to blame; but in this particular case the young Celestial did worse—he lost control of his machine, and ran into a lady who was riding on the opposite side of the street, knocked her off, and smashed her machine. I don't know what the police regulations of Shanghai may be, but there is surely some by-law for the regulation of street-traffic which can protect the public from the danger of a native cyclist "running a-muk" in this fashion.

Apropos of China, the *Hub* gives an amusing account of how a Chinaman trains. The training is divided into three periods, each consisting of one hundred days, so that it is almost a year before the athlete becomes "fit." The first period must begin at the time of the new moon. The subject has to rise at 4 a.m., walk out into the open air, draw seven deep inspirations, and afterwards undergo a gentle massage. During the second period the treatment becomes more severe; wooden planks are substituted for the human hand in the massage. What takes the place of the wooden plank in the third period is not stated; possibly millstones might then prove efficacious. The time is now too short to adopt the Chinese system for the next Boat-race, but, were the University crews to commence operations soon, they might be ready for the race of 1900.

I am told that the cyclists of Berne adopt the customary Swiss cape for winter riding. It is made in dark-blue or black frieze, with a peaked hood which can be drawn over the head. The appearance is distinctly picturesque, though perhaps somewhat suggestive of a witch on a broomstick.

"There is nothing new under the sun"—not even auto-cars. I thought at least they could lay claim to be a product of the mechanical science of the nineteenth century. Yet I read the other day that one, propelled by clockwork, was made for Louis XV. Query: Did he, in consequence, become an autoc(a)ratric monarch?

The Rand Carnival and 'Trades' Demonstration of '98, in aid of the charities of Johannesburg, was a great success, both from a spectacular and financial point of view. The generosity shown by the majority of the people, in spite of the bad times, was remarkable. The weather was beautiful and clear, although a trifle windy, and the procession was watched by an immense crowd. Sports were held in the afternoon, at which it is estimated over eight thousand people attended. Considerably over £1000 will be available for distribution among the charities.

Dwellers in a damp climate are liable to suffer from rheumatism, and many and diverse are the suggestions for alleviating the pains thereof. Some recommend whisky as an antidote, while others swear by celery. I see that no less a person than Princess Christian declares that she has found cycling to be most efficacious as a cure for this painful complaint. A royal testimonial such as this should do something to increase, if that be possible, the popularity of the already popular pastime.

I have always felt that some day the antiquity of the bicycle will be proved either from the Egyptian monuments or the dim records of prehistoric man. At the Rudge-Whitworth dinner recently, Mr. Arthur Smith stated that he had discovered an allusion to it in the Old Testament, where it is stated that when Joshua was hard pressed by his enemies he "prayed fervently for his safety." On reading this, I thought that here, at least, we have the earliest allusion to the cycle, and I took down from my bookshelf an ancient copy of Cruden's "Concordance" to verify the quotation. Whether Mr. Smith or the reporter was at fault, I cannot say, but it is a sad fact that no such text is to be found in the Old Testament; so, until further proof is forthcoming, we must be content to regard the bicycle as the product of the nineteenth century.

SHOOTING.

A challenge-cup to be competed for by the ten companies of the 2nd V.B. Highland Light Infantry, for drill and shooting combined, has been made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. It is of solid silver, and has two massive chased handles, with heads of Medusa introduced. Panels are arranged at each side of the cup, one having the regimental crest in bold relief, and the other the following inscription: "From Sir Thomas J. Lipton to Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Young and Officers 2nd V.B. Highland Light Infantry, for annual competition, 1898." Surrounding these two panels is ornamentation of thistles in rich embossed work, and surmounting the whole is a finely modelled figure of Victory. The base is ebonised, and has silver shields for engraving the names of winners.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

If the Derby is to be won by an English colt, many good judges think Flying Fox will be the one to capture the Blue Riband of the Turf, but I am of opinion that the French colt Holocauste holds our lot safe. The

friend of the Lord Chief Justice and a cousin of Sir Edward Bradford, always affected the mutton-chop whiskers, and it must be admitted that he looked odd in the saddle. Fordham and T. Cannon wore side-whiskers. We must, I think, put the clean-shaven style of the professionals down to fashion, for in the prints published a hundred years back the majority of the jockeys were shown to have hair on their faces.



THE CHESHIRE HOCKEY TEAM.

colt is well-bred, and he is trained at Chantilly, being owned by that popular French sportsman M. J. de Bremond, who owned Elf II., a horse he bought out of a selling-race and recently sold for eight thousand sovereigns to Mr. Ridgway. Holocauste ran three times as a two-year-old, winning easily on each occasion. Up to now, Gladiateur is the only French horse that has won the English Derby, but our neighbours have now a big opportunity of once again "avenging Waterloo," and I am pleased to know that Holocauste has wintered well and has grown into a fine colt.

I suggested in this column recently that the badge system adopted at Newmarket—under which boys parading horses in the paddock wore number-badges on their arm corresponding with the horse's number on the card—should be made compulsory at all meetings. I have this week received a letter on the subject written by a lady in Melbourne. She says: "I think on this side of the world we manage things better. There is no occasion for lads to be at the horses' heads previous to the preliminary canter. Our saddle-cloths are plainly numbered, so that, if one fails to distinguish colours, it would be impossible to make a mistake. I feel sure that one and all of the many thousands present could distinguish the numbers without trouble." But the Australian system is just the one our owners refuse to adopt, as numbered saddle-cloths have been known to be highly dangerous in the case of contagious diseases, and, with low fevers often raging in some of our stables, I am sure the cloth system could never be made compulsory, whereas the badges could, and should, always be used.

The Inspectors of Courses under National Hunt Rules do their duty faithfully, and yet I cannot help thinking that the fences to be jumped at some of the meetings are much more difficult than at others, and a regulation height and build should be adopted at all fixtures. For instance, I do not think many horses are run at either Sandown Park or Liverpool to qualify for National Hunt flat-races. Of course, I have never tested the jumps, but it has always appeared to me that the fences at Manchester were much easier to negotiate than they were at Sandown. However, appearances in these matters are often deceptive, and it may be that I am wrong, after all.

Why do amateur riders wear whiskers and professional jockeys go clean-shaven? This is a question I have often been asked, but up to now I have never been able to give a satisfactory answer. I suppose amateurs do not care to part with their moustachios for the sake of riding in races, while the professionals get shaved for appearance' sake. John Osborne, a

In riding up in the train from a suburban meeting recently, a gentleman in our carriage was laughing heartily because, as he afterwards explained to us, he had backed three horses in each race, not one of which had got placed. "Let him laugh who wins," is sound doctrine, and "he laughs best who laughs last" is also feasible of understanding, but a loser laughing is simply ludicrous. True, the successful speculator never shows his hand, and you could not possibly judge from his manner at the end of an exciting day whether he had won or lost. He neither shouts nor whines, but he immediately sets to work to find means to either add to his winnings or to get back his losings. The laughing loser is a rarity, but I have found him at last.

Although the entries for many of the Spring Handicaps have been issued, we shall have to wait until well into February before any quotations on these races are available. By-the-by, the arrangement of the fixture-list bears severely on some of the old-established meetings. Racing opens on March 20, and Easter Monday will come on April 3. The Jockey Club have allotted Alexandra Park the Saturday previous, Kempton gets the Bank Holiday only, and Windsor is given the Tuesday.

Racing heredity, if I may be allowed to coin the phrase, is an interesting study. Thus, we find that jockeys' sons are good jockeys, trainers' sons become good trainers, the sons of racing officials follow faithfully in the footsteps of their fathers, but the exception, I take it, is the bookmaker's son. True, there are a few sons of professionals who are doing big business; but too often we see the father a successful layer of the odds, while his sons turn out comparative failures.

CAPTAIN COE.

HOCKEY.

The Lancashire *v.* Cheshire match took place at Kersal, Manchester, on Boxing Day, when the visitors proved victorious. During the first half of the game play was very even, Lancashire perhaps having a little the better of matters. Neither side, however, had scored at half-time. After changing over, Cheshire began to press, and S. H. Walker drew first blood. Lancashire now pressed, but could not break through Cheshire's defence. Play was again centred on Lancashire's territory, and a second shot was notched for Cheshire by A. H. Walff. No further scoring took place, and Cheshire won by two goals to nil.

THE LANCASHIRE HOCKEY TEAM.
From Photographs by Lantado and Bell, Manchester.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.

MONEY.

With the setting free of dividends on the Funds, money became fairly easy once again, and the usual tightness which marked the entry of the New Year has almost completely disappeared. The only noticeable feature of the week has been Natal's obtaining the loan for which she asked, and to which we drew attention last week. The million pounds of 3 per cent. stock at 94 was over-subscribed, but tenderers at a few pence above the minimum received full allotments. The price of the new stock is about $\frac{1}{2}$ premium for the Special Settlement, and a trifle cheaper for cash.

Towards the end of the week the floating supply of money became more and more abundant, 2 per cent. being readily accepted by short-loan merchants. Business, however, is very quiet, and the Bank of England Return showed no startling feature. The proportion of reserve to liabilities is now 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is the merest fraction above the figure of the corresponding week last year.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.

The full returns of the country's exports and imports for 1898 are now available, and afford by no means comforting reading to those who study them with care. The imports have, as compared with last year, increased by about nineteen millions and a-half, of which over fifteen millions is attributable to articles of food and drink, and about two millions to manufactured goods, neither of them very comforting items. The exports show a decline of £828,916 for the twelve months; but, upon closer inspection, it is evident that this figure does not fully express the real falling-off in the earning capacity of the country, for textile manufactures show a decline of over two millions, while metals and their manufactures account for more than a further million and a half. To counterbalance these heavy declines we have a million increase in raw materials exported, and two million in machinery accounted for by the engineers' strike in 1897. It is true that the last two or three months have shown considerable improvement, and that the totals have been disturbed by the coal strike; but, none the less, the more the figures are looked at the less are they likely to reassure those who hope for a steady improvement in the country's earning capacity.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE POSITION.

The rush of new business which was prophesied by the fathers to that wish has not yet arrived. We were told that 'Ninety-Nine would come in like a bull, and that booming markets would be the rule all round the "House." So far, these fond expectations have not been justified—a fact for which readers of *The Sketch*, at all events, were well prepared. The Consol Market has been heavy, spite of purchases for accumulative accounts by the Bank of England and the Post Office, and, although money continues free, there is an uneasy talk of coming exports to the Bird o' Freedom. Home Rails are firming up as dividend-time approaches, and profit-takers should not lose an opportunity which may not occur after the distributions are made known. North-Westerns revived by reason of "splitting" prospects; Great Westerns have been flat upon fears of heavy capital expenditure in the coming half-year. The Foreign Market was glad when Paris got over its monthly settlement yesterday without any serious trouble, and Spanish—whose January coupon has been met in full—is being largely bought for the Continent. We are still inclined to fancy Uruguay 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents for a wild spec., although the price has risen three points since we advised a purchase not long ago. The American see-saw has left the position pretty equally balanced on the week, but the changes are "spotty"—some up, some down. Trunks are in demand as we write, "bullish" enthusiasm being directed to the dividend on the First Preference. We seem to remember having heard of such things as disappointments in that market before now. Miscellaneous descriptions, steadily quiet, are not attracting much attention; the time is ripe for cautious investments in the best Industrial concerns. Amalgamated Tyre shares can be bought for a few pence, and even the Debenture-holders are looking very blue. What there was to secure debentures upon we never understood. In the Mining Markets little attention has been directed to anything except Chartered, with whose position we deal in another Note; but South African Gold Trust caught a gleam of brightness at the announcement of a five-shilling dividend. Horseshoes have soared up as though on the hoofs of Pegasus himself. When we advised their purchase at 13 in October, we did not expect so rapid a rise as 6 points in two months, but this is what has happened. When the shares fell, after our advice, to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, we felt half-guilty; but that sentiment has now subsided, and we hear that there is still a rise in the shares. The profit, however, is quite good enough to take at the present price.

BANK SHARES.

One of the most striking results of the Leman's Act, whereby all bargains in Bank shares are supposed to specify the distinctive numbers of the shares, has been the complete suspension of all speculation in this class of security. We referred several times last year to the opportunities that Bank shares offered as an investment to those who are not scared by the liability attaching to most of them. Money during the last six months has been steadily maintained at profitable levels, and while

the Bank Rate has continued at a remunerative figure, there has been little or no tightness of cash. The Stock Exchange has suffered a good deal from want of business—a cause which always reacts unfavourably on the banking institutions; but this notwithstanding, the banking returns to hand up to time of writing go to show that Lombard Street has been enjoying very fair prosperity. On July 20 last, we were calling attention to the Bank Market, concluding our note with the remark that "shareholders need be in no hurry to part with their property for the present, at all events." The list of twelve popular banks which we then published, and the prices at which they stood, was as follows. We add current quotations and the variation that has occurred—

Bank.		July 20.	Now.	Change.
Capital and Counties	...	40 $\frac{1}{2}$	40 $\frac{1}{2}$...
City	...	20	—	—
Lloyds	...	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	33	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and Midland	...	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	53	— $\frac{1}{2}$
London and County	...	103	106	+ 3
London and South-Western	...	71	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	— 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and Westminster	...	59	61	+ 2
London Joint-Stock	...	35	35	None
National Provincial (10 guineas paid)	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	51 $\frac{1}{2}$...	+ 2
" (£12 paid)	56	59	...	+ 3
Part's	...	91	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ $\frac{1}{2}$
Union of London	...	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	38	+ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

It will be noticed that the principal sufferer throughout the list is the London and South-Western Bank, whose capital arrangements have been overhauled since we wrote. The City Bank has amalgamated with the London and Midland, and, beyond these two, the list is available for comparative purposes. A rise has been marked in every instance, and, seeing that the best Bank shares still yield from 4 to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., there seems no reason why the prices should not advance still farther.

THE CAREER OF CHARTERED.

The Chartered Company's New Year's card was distinctly sustaining to the reputation of the company as an expert in shooting bolts from the blue. The issue of a million and a-quarter shares has, of course, been hanging over the market for a good many months, but, in the Rhodesian excitement of the closing days of 1898, Chartered shares romped merrily up, as though the new capital were a thing of the past instead of the future. Naturally, the market felt considerably aggrieved when it read in its papers of Jan. 3 that one moiety of the unissued shares was to be forthwith offered to existing shareholders at the price of £2 10s. each. The immediate effect of the news was to cause a sharp tumble of 3s. 9d. in the price, and brokers were besieged with eager inquiries from all quarters as to what the holders ought to do with their shares.

We have consistently adhered to the opinion that Chartered shares, apart from their gambling possibilities, are not worth anything over 3. The late spurt, to which we have alluded, ran up the shares to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ —that is to say, the top price of the year—and, even without the latest emission of shares, we feel convinced that that price could not have held very long. The advent of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to St. Swithin's Lane has formed a convenient peg upon which the "bulls" were able to hang their ardently desired hopes of a rise, but it seems to have been forgotten that the Colossus has lately been discouraging, as far as possible, the speculation but for which the shares would probably be standing much nearer their par value. Mr. Rhodes has sought to inspire his own confidence in the country which bears his name into the hearts of the "old folks at home," but he held out at the Chartered meeting last May only sober hopes that his fellow shareholders would receive a fair return upon their money, and said nothing whatever that could lead the sanguine "bulls" of Chartered to expect a sudden fortune from their investment. At the time of that meeting Chartered shares stood about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; they are now a pound higher, and the capital is £625,000 more.

Of course, the development of Rhodesia has, in the meantime, been productive of fairly satisfactory results from the quartette of mines now crushing; but, taking all that into consideration, we cannot see that the Chartered Company is worth its present capitalisation of over thirteen millions sterling, besides Mortgage Debentures to the tune of another million and a quarter. We have every sympathy for those who assist in the spread and development of the Empire, but our patriotism stops short some way before placing the intrinsic value of Chartered shares at £3.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The New Year's resolution of the Kaffir Market that it would be good was rudely disturbed in the very first ten minutes of 1899. The Chartered dealers came dashing up to town by their early trains, the first one making his appearance at ten o'clock. For a few minutes after the opening there was a distinctly panicky feeling in the air, and those 625,000 new shares were greeted with maledictions both loud and deep. Odious comparisons with the opening moments of 1896 began to make themselves heard, but the effect of Dr. Jim's adventure were not destined to be eclipsed by a mere new issue, and Chartered fell from their New Year's Eve price of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to sellers at "the figure." A prompt recovery was started by the shop, and dealings were quickly begun in the new shares, the price of which is about one and ninepence below that ruling for the old. Some people are saying that it pays better to buy the new rather than the old, since, by a purchase of the former for the Special Settlement, carrying-over expenses will be saved for a couple of months or so. But the market for these new "Charts" is so limited, and the old shares rejoice in such a close quotation, that there is little or nothing to be made out of the exchange. No doubt the price will be supported until the new shares are all applied for, after which the market will have to take care of itself again. In connection with Dr. Jim, it is interesting to notice that one of the hardy gentlemen who accompanied the memorable Raid has since settled down into a peaceful member of society and the Stock Exchange.

The latest dictum of the Stock Exchange Managers, which orders that, from March next, all new members of the House shall pay an annual subscription of £42, is regarded with a good deal of dissatisfaction in many quarters, some

members roundly declaring that, if new men are to be supertaxed, the burdens borne by the existing community ought to be lightened. The present annual subscription is thirty guineas, and this sum is still to be paid by all members whose premier election dates prior to next March. (Every House-man has to be re-elected each year.) It is argued that the new enactment may fall heavily upon those who are looking forward to becoming members this year, and I certainly think the managers might have given a little longer notice. Not that ten guineas will hurt anybody much, and it affords cheerful prospects for the holders of Stock Exchange shares. If I might make a suggestion, it would be that the managers should appropriate their new gains to building a decent entrance to the American and Old Broad Street Markets. New Court would be a disgrace to the New Cut, and a casual visitor who watched the House-men pour in and out the Broad Street doors might reasonably suppose that those humble passages led to a drinking-saloon of lowly cast. But there! one might just as well talk to the Committee of the Stock Exchange as to the Managers when it's a question of reforms, especially if the said reforms cost money.

Five shillings over the minimum was considered pretty good for Natal to secure for her new loan of a million sterling, the tenders for which were opened last Thursday. One reckless individual applied at 101, or 7 per cent. premium. He got his stock all right. The Consol Market did not trouble itself over such a small loan, and tenders were comparatively small. The market price is about 94½, at which the stock looks a very fair investment. Consols have been dull all the week upon pressure of cash sales and rumours of gold exports, and the change on the week has amounted to nearly ½ per cent. Home Rail skittishly refused to be controlled by Consols, and "Bram's" (London and North-Western Ordinary) rose on the prospect of being split after the fashion of Midlands. The vagaries of Chatham Seconds have furnished the "bulls" with most pleasurable sensations. The last making-up price was 106: the latest this Saturday afternoon is 113. Dover "A" is once more being cautiously bought on Paris Exhibition prospects. The stock has been unaffected by the Kent Coal Scuttle, which has proved so mutually useful to the directors of those companies whose meetings have just been held; and South-Eastern stockholders are seeing pretty clearly that they need not reckon upon any particular grist from the Kent Coal mill (I pray your pardon for that metaphor) for a long time to come.

The Yankee Market dulled off towards the end of the week, and the inevitable reaction stole over a very weary market. The Louisville dividend is still the main centre of interest, and is said to be coming on Wednesday, Jan. 11. The estimates have been from 1 to 2 per cent.; I should not be intensely surprised to hear it had again been postponed, although, upon the traffics, the patient stockholders are entitled to expect a distribution. It is difficult to see one's way in the Yankee Market for the time being, and I honestly confess that I have no advice to offer to the speculator for the rapid turn. Trunks are over-trafficked; the market is sick of the way in which it has been disappointed time after time, and is willing to affix the blame of its miscalculations upon anybody but itself. Canadian Pacifics displayed some little commotion upon a traffic-increase of 134,000 dollars for the last ten days of 1898, and are bound for 90.

I am informed that the "House on Sport," to which I alluded last week, has been going very well, and it seems rather a pity that its editor should have gone out of his way to oppose the issue of another Stock Exchange work, "All Round the House," which was also to be published in the cause of charity. This latter, consisting of some thirty pictures of well-known Stock Exchange men, in equally well-known attitudes, was to have appeared last week; but, owing to the attitude of the "House on Sport" editor, who feared the new-comer might prejudice the sale of his own bantling, all subscriptions were returned and the work temporarily postponed. I have seen a proof, and, judging from a cursory examination, the book will be widely taken up when it does make its débüt.

With the New Year has come the dissolution of many a Limited Partnership in the Stock Exchange, and the notice-board in the Miscellaneous Market has been full to overflowing with the announcements. Perhaps it is not known, outside the House, what a large part these Limited Partnerships play in Stock Exchange dealings. The phrase means that partnerships are formed between two distinct firms, which are limited, so far as the partnership is concerned, to dealing in one particular class of shares, or, it may be, in one single company's shares. For instance, two firms in the Kaffir Market may agree that all bargains done by them in Utah shares shall be put down to a joint-book, although in everything else the firms are separate and distinct. As a rule, it is in out-of-the-way affairs that these combinations take place, and a Limited Partnership is started, the arrangements sometimes working very well, sometimes very badly. As an example of the latter, I may cite the case of two very well-known firms in the Miscellaneous Market whose dissolution notice now adorns the board there. One of them took it into his head to do bargains in the partnership shares without telling the other anything about it until the Account-day, "because," he naïvely remarked when "his limited partner" protested, "I thought you would not like it!"

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

"ARE YOU THERE?"

The National Telephone Company ought really to be added to Barnum's collection of freaks, as the possessor of the greatest cheek on earth. Its latest outbreak takes the form of a Parliamentary Bill, to be introduced next Session, whereby powers are sought to reconstruct the company, with a capital of six million pounds and three million in debentures. The Bill thus seeks for Parliamentary authority to perpetuate a monopoly which, less than five months ago, was emphatically denounced by the Select Parliamentary Committee on Telephones. This body, which had the benefit of the experience gained by three previous Committees on the same subject, examined a large number of witnesses on its own account, and issued a report which covered considerably over five hundred pages. Three questions were submitted for its consideration, of which the first was by far the most important. It ran—

"Is the telephone service now or is it calculated to become of general benefit?"

The Committee's answer was a strong negation, and went on to detail its reasons for declaring that the monopoly does no good to the country. One would have thought that the National Telephone Company would be content to "lay low and say nuffin'" after such a Parliamentary report.

But the effrontery of the company does not end with seeking Government authority for its miserable "service." It proposes that powers should be given to it to override the public authorities who have resisted its efforts to gain admittance to their areas, and another demand is for an extension of its monopoly "throughout the British Isles." The Bill mentions incidentally that the company's wires are receiving telephone-messages at the rate of 450 millions a-year. One shudders at the bare thought of the amount of unparliamentary language which such figures

suggest, and, if the proposed Bill should go through, Parliament will deserve to be condemned to a daily use of the National Telephone service for so long a period as the utmost rigour of the law will permit.

TWO BOOKS.

The new volume of Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year-Book" is now out, and a purchase will well repay the moderate sum which is asked for it by the publishers—indeed, we may almost say that to anyone who deals in stocks and shares, whether as a speculator or investor, Mr. Skinner's new book is, or should be, a necessity. Needless to say, it is larger and even more comprehensive than the 1898 volume, and, considering the difficulties which many companies throw in the way of the editor, the information contained is surprisingly up to date.

Another useful little book which is issued at this season is Dunsford's Stock Exchange Handbook, giving the highest and lowest prices for the last fifteen years of the most important stocks and shares quoted in the Official List, together with the dividends they have paid each half-year. The book also contains the highest and lowest prices for the last three years of the principal Indian, Australian, and South African mines, together with the dividends. The portion of the book devoted to industrial companies appears to have been enlarged, but might with advantage be still further added to, while Financial and Trust concerns are conspicuous by their absence. So many of our correspondents ask questions which this little book, published at one shilling, would answer, that we are sure it will be greatly appreciated by many readers.

NEW ISSUE.

Stansfeld and Co., Limited, is a company formed to carry on the Swan Brewery at Fulham, and is offering for public subscription £150,000 4 per cent. Debenture Stock at 103. We may say at once that the investment does not strike us as a promising one. It is evident that the amount of tied trade is very small, from the fact that the number of public-houses is not given, no less than the general wording of the prospectus, and in these days we doubt the stability of any brewery which depends on private trade. Allsopp could not carry on without tied houses, and how much less can the small brewers? The accountant's certificate is in a form which ought never to be adopted, and is most unsatisfactory, for, although we are told that the average profits for five and three years has been ascertained, these are nowhere stated, and we are not even told that the figures for the last three years are better than for the last five. There are no directors unconnected with the business, and the whole prospectus reads as if everybody knew it was a declining business but did not wish to confess so unpleasant a fact. For all that appears, the profits last year may not have been enough to pay the debenture interest, and our readers had better leave this issue alone.

Saturday, Jan. 7, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. V.—Of the two companies you name, we much prefer the first, which is a flourishing concern with decent reserves. The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, of 40, Moorgate Street, would probably be better than either of your suggestions, but we do not know whether they issue sickness policies.

No. 140.—Your list of mines is not a hopeful one. As to No. 1, it is a Transvaal company; all development work is stopped, and, except for the chance of selling the land to somebody, the shares appear of very little intrinsic value. No. 2 is also a Transvaal company, with, we should imagine, no prospects. No. 3 is a reconstruction of an old company of the same name. It was only registered in April last, and does not appear to have very hopeful prospects. No. 4 was a great mine, and may be so again; but it has been badly worked, and will take a long time to pull round. No. 5 is not an outcrop company that we should select.

NICE.—To try and speculate on the London Stock Exchange while staying at Nice appears to us very foolish. Your information must be too late. As to the stocks you propose to buy, if you can pay for No. 1 and No. 3 they will not hurt you. No. 2 would be a good gamble if you were on the spot and could take a quick profit.

DUPLEX.—We advise you to hold for the present. The company was, in our opinion, over-capitalised, and, we know, badly subscribed, but the business is very flourishing, and we have little doubt that good dividends can be made for a year or two. Sell when you can get a reasonable profit.

R.—We are not tipsters by profession. As speculative investments to be paid for and held, your whole list is not bad; but we don't like No. 5, while Nos. 3 and 4 are very high. The deep mines are not of the highest class, and our opinion of London and Globe has of late often been expressed in "City Notes."

JOHNSON.—The rise in Standard of South Africa Bank shares has been caused by the new issue, which will be offered to the shareholders at 55. We think one new share goes to every four old ones. If you don't mind the liability of £75 a share, even at present prices they are a fair investment, but almost high enough.

N. H.—Our advice would be to hold 1 and 2, and to sell 3 and 4 for what you can get. We do not suppose that you will ever see your money back, but, with anything like a general African revival, both 1 and 2 will improve in price.

S. B.—If you have taken up your Chathams, hold; if you are carrying them over and have a profit, take it.

Ivy.—(1) As soon as the share certificates are ready to exchange for allotment letters. (2) As soon as your friend gets his certificate, get a transfer-form, fill it up for fifty shares, sign it, and send it to the company's office. You will have to enclose 10s., of which 7s. 6d. will go to pay Government stamps and the balance to pay registration fee. To employ a broker would be absurd. (3) No, but the underwriters had to take up the balance. (4) Hold for the present. (5) We think it was over-capitalised, but likely to do well for the next year or two. If you cannot manage the transfer business for yourself, comply with Rule 5, and send us, in registered letter, the share certificate. We will then prepare the necessary document of transfer ready for signature, and return it to you.

CABLE.—We will make some inquiries as to the companies and let you know result next week. Meanwhile, we may say an amalgamation of 2 and 3 has taken place.

E. A. P.—We sent you the name and address of a firm of brokers on the 5th inst. Probably they will require a banker's reference or something of the kind before opening an account for you.